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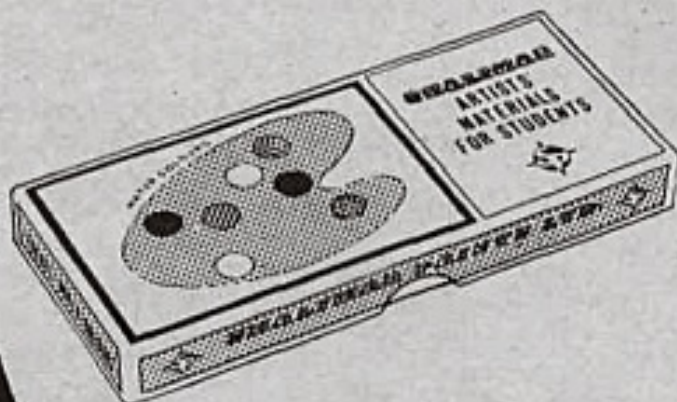
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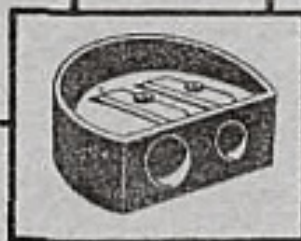
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For those readers who may not be acquainted with the *Mahabharata*, the central theme is as follows :

When Pandu, King of Hastinapura died, his blind brother came to the throne. His sons, the Kauravas, were brought up along with those of Pandu, the Pandavas. The Pandava princes were so outstanding, they soon excited the hatred of Duryodhana, eldest of the Kauravas, and he tried to murder them by fire, but they escaped to the forests. Then the brothers came to Panchala, where the King gave his daughter, Draupadi, as wife to them all. They retrieved part of their inheritance and settled in Indraprastha. But Duryodhana inveigled Yudhishtira, eldest of the Pandavas, into a game of dice, as a result Yudhishtira lost their kingdom and the Pandava princes were forced into exile for twelve years. When their period of exile ended, they asked for their inheritance to be restored; when this was refused, war began. The Pandavas were assisted by Sri Krishna, an incarnation of god, and emerged victorious. The Kauravas were killed and their father retired to the forests, while the Pandavas returned to Hastinapura and ended their days with varied fortunes.

The *Mahabharata* contains one of the most profound philosophical poems of all time, when before the battle, Krishna addresses Arjuna on the duty of a warrior. His words form the *Bhagwad Gita*.

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FATE HAS NO FAVOURITES

Gupta was a wealthy merchant, although most people said he was a money lender, whose business made Gupta richer, and the borrowers poorer. One day when his conscience felt a little uneasy, Gupta decided to go on a pilgrimage.

When three of Gupta's business friends heard of this, they were keen to accompany him. Not that they were at all pious, but because friend Gupta usually managed to make a profit on any undertaking. Gupta was pleased to have their company on the pilgrimage, because they would have to share the expenses.

For the pilgrimage they engaged a Harijan servant named Ram, who was quite a good cook and had accompanied people on pilgrimages before.

So on an auspicious day, the friends set out on their journey. After several days on the road, they came to a town with a famous temple, and here they spent the day at worship. On the following day, they had to go through a large forest, so they set out very early in the morning.

Noon found them in the thick of the forest, and as the day was unusually hot and humid, they were glad to reach a shady

pool where they ate their food and rested. And it was not till late in the afternoon, that the foot weary travellers summoned enough energy to be on their way.

At dusk they were still in the forest, but now ominous black clouds filled the sky, and vivid flashes of lightning lit the horizon. Before they had gone much further, the storm was upon them, and to the incessant crash of thunder, the rain came down in torrents.

Luckily they came across a ruined old temple, in which they took shelter. As they sat huddled in the gloomy ruins, the storm got worse; the wind howled through the trees and the continuous lightning and thunder scared them all. One of the friends, shivering with fright, said there must be a sinner in their midst to have incurred the wrath of the gods, and the sinner must be the ser-

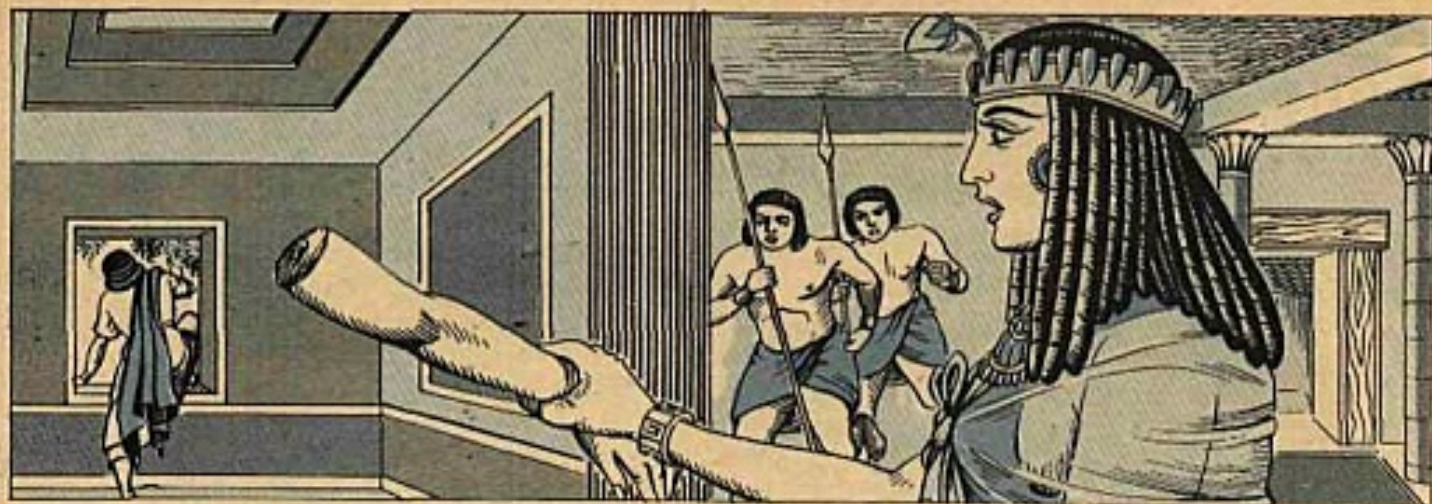
vant Ram. The other friends readily agreed, that a Harijan daring to enter a temple, was obviously the cause of such a storm. So they ordered poor Ram to leave immediately.

Ram, his teeth chattering with fright, pleaded to be allowed to stay. But his pleas were in vain, and they forced him out into the night.

Ram spent the night huddled and shivering under a huge tree, which at least gave him some protection from the rain. The storm got worse; the wind howled; trees were uprooted and the thunder sounded as though the end of the world was nigh.

When dawn came, Ram was surprised to be still alive. All around were uprooted trees, and the temple, was just a gigantic heap of rubble. For it had collapsed during the storm, burying in its debris the four merchants.





THE THIEF WHO BECAME RULER

Three thousand years ago Rameses II was Pharaoh of Egypt. Under his rule, Egypt became a land flowing with milk and honey. Rameses himself acquired great riches, and his treasury was overflowing with gold and precious stones.

The safe keeping of such a vast treasure was a perpetual worry. So Rameses ordered his architect to build a vault to hold all his treasure, and it had to be absolutely impregnable.

After several years of enforced labour, this immense vault was completed, with walls of huge thickness built of great blocks of stone. There was but

one entrance, which only Pharaoh himself could open and lock.

The architect however, had few scruples, and he built a secret entrance to the vault, which was impossible to detect, and from time to time the architect would help himself to a diamond or two, or a few pieces of gold.

One day the architect fell mortally ill, and on his death-bed told his two sons of the secret entrance to Pharaoh's treasure vault. But he warned his sons to be careful for Pharaoh would have no mercy on anyone stealing his riches.



The brothers stole Pharaoh's treasure

The two brothers continued to raid Pharaoh's treasure and may be they were too greedy, because Pharaoh discovered he was being robbed and devised a way to catch the culprit. One night he had a thousand soldiers digging man-traps around his treasure house. These were deep pits fitted with swords to impale whoever was unfortunate enough to fall in.

Later, in the same week, the two brothers stealthily approached the treasure house, but before they reached the secret door, the elder brother was caught in one of the traps, and in spite of all their efforts, it was hopeless, he could not get out.

In the end the elder brother painfully whispered, "Listen carefully, the only hope to save

you from discovery is to cut off my head and take my clothes. Then Pharaoh's guards will never be able to discover the identity of a headless, naked body."

Realising there was no alternative, the younger brother cut off his brother's head and wrapping it in his brother's garments, hurried home to his mother, to whom he told the sorry story.

The next morning the guards found the headless body, and although it could not be identified, they knew that the person who had cut off the head must be an accomplice. Pharaoh was more determined than ever to catch the second thief.

"Hang this body from the palace wall," he ordered. "Then watch day and night. If anyone tries to remove the body or is moved at the sight of it, arrest them at once."

And so the brother's body was hung from the palace wall, and when the mother heard what had happened, she could not be consoled.

"If your brother is not given a proper burial he cannot go to the Land of the Blessed," she cried to her son. "You must fetch your brother's body,

otherwise he will wander the earth as a ghost."

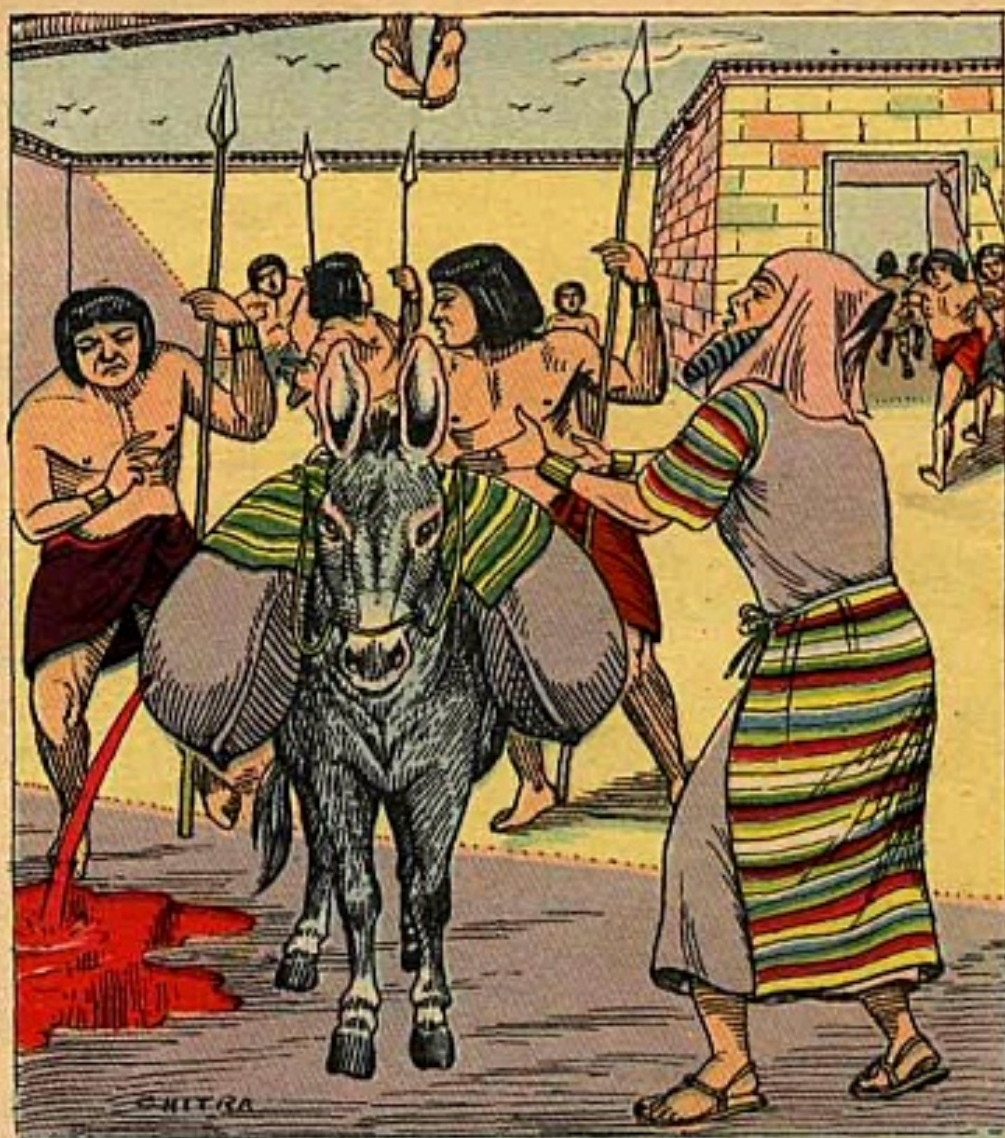
"But mother," replied the son, "It will be certain death for me to touch the body. Besides which, we have already given his head a decent burial." But the mother kept on wailing over her elder son, and the younger brother realised he would have to try and retrieve his brother's corpse.

Disguised as an old man, he led a donkey carrying two leather jars of wine past the palace walls. When he reached the spot where his brother's body was hanging, he made a hole in the bottom of one of the jars so that the wine leaked out. As soon as a pool began to form, he shouted, "O, my precious wine. I am ruined, I am ruined."

Attracted by the noise, the soldiers guarding the corpse, ran to the spot and demanded to know what was wrong.

The brother, between his sobs, cried, "Look at my costly wine. The jar is leaking and soon it will all run out. I am ruined, but it would be better if you worthy men drank it, than let it go to waste."

The soldiers did not need much prompting, and very soon the leaking jar was empty. The



The wine leaked on to the ground

brother then turned to the soldiers and said, "My good men, the other jar of wine is now useless, because my donkey will not be able to carry it without the other jar to balance the weight. So drink it and enjoy it."

Never before had the soldiers heard such welcome words, and very soon the second jar was emptied, not knowing that the wine contained sufficient opium

to drug a whole regiment.

Soon the soldiers had collapsed in a drugged stupor. With the guards taken care of, the younger brother soon scaled the palace wall; then cutting down his brother's body, he put it across the back of the donkey and was away as fast as he could go.

When Pharaoh heard what had happened, he was in a

terrible rage. The soldiers of the guard were flogged unmercifully, and then, the Pharaoh hit upon an idea which seemed certain to catch the culprit.

He made his daughter, the beautiful Princess Royal, dress as a foreigner and sit in a tent outside the palace walls, after announcements had been made through the town, that a rich young maiden from foreign shores would wed the man who had committed the most daring and cunning deed.

The younger brother guessed immediately that this was a trap laid to catch him. Yet, in his bravado he wanted to show Pharaoh that he could outwit him.

So he set out to meet this foreign maid, but on the way, he had to pass the gallows, so he cut off the arm of a dead man hanging there, and hid it in his clothing.

On reaching the tent, he boldly entered and announced that he had come as a suitor.

"Then," said the Princess, "Tell me your tale of cunning and daring exploits."

So the brother told her the complete story as to how he and his brother had robbed the treasury, and how he was

forced to behead his brother, and how he had regained his brother's body from under Pharaoh's nose.

The Princess realised that here was the thief her father so badly wanted to catch, and in her sweetest voice exclaimed, "Good sir, I am yours. Give me your brave hand."

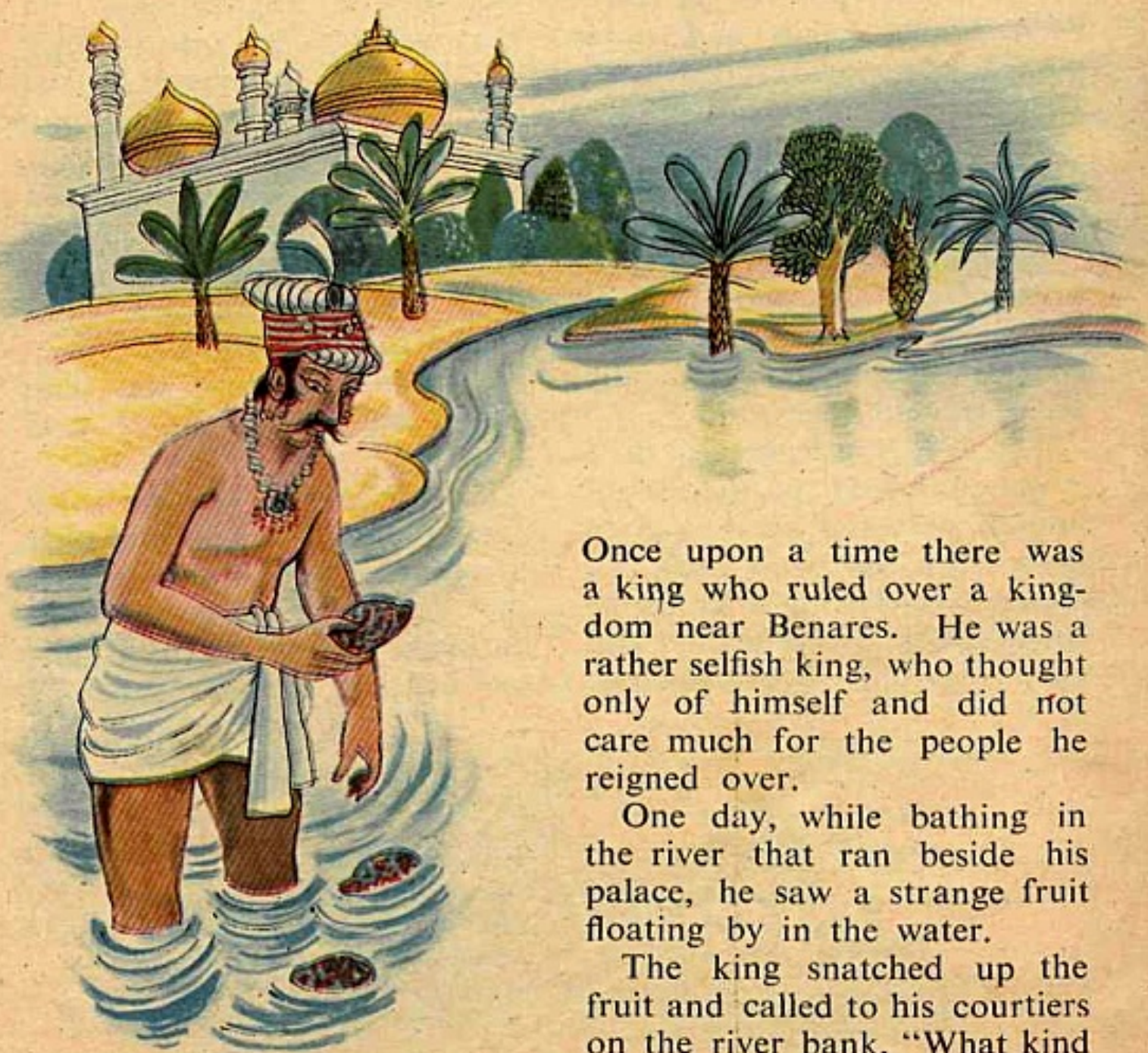
The brother, instead of offering her his own hand, quickly pushed forward the arm he had cut from the gallows. The Princess grasped the hand shrieking, "Guards! Guards! I have caught the thief."

Leaving the Princess holding a dead man's arm, the brother rushed out of the tent and was well away before the guards arrived.

Pharaoh now acknowledged the young man's daring, and issued a royal proclamation that the young man would not only be pardoned, but would also be married to the Princess Royal in recognition of his daring cleverness.

The architect's younger son presented himself at court, where he was received with suitable honour, as befitting the future husband of the Princess. And in time, he succeeded Rameses and became Pharaoh of Egypt.

THE KING AND THE MONKEYS



Once upon a time there was a king who ruled over a kingdom near Benares. He was a rather selfish king, who thought only of himself and did not care much for the people he reigned over.

One day, while bathing in the river that ran beside his palace, he saw a strange fruit floating by in the water.

The king snatched up the fruit and called to his courtiers on the river bank, "What kind of fruit is this?"

The courtiers and wise men looked closely at the strange fruit, but they could not name it. "We do not know, your majesty," they replied, "but we will ask the men who work in the royal forest. They might know."

They took the strange fruit back to the palace and summoned the royal foresters to appear before the king.

The foresters examined the fruit for many long minutes and at last one of them spoke, "Your majesty, this is indeed a rare fruit," he said. "It is a variety of mango which is sweeter and tastier than any other fruit in the world."

The king was eager to taste it but, as usual, he thought of himself first and he wanted to make sure the fruit was not poisonous. Taking a knife, he cut off a slice of the mango and gave it to one of his courtiers.

"Eat it," commanded the king, and he watched closely. But the mango seemed to have no ill-effects on the man.

Now certain that the fruit was not poisonous, the king cut a slice for himself.

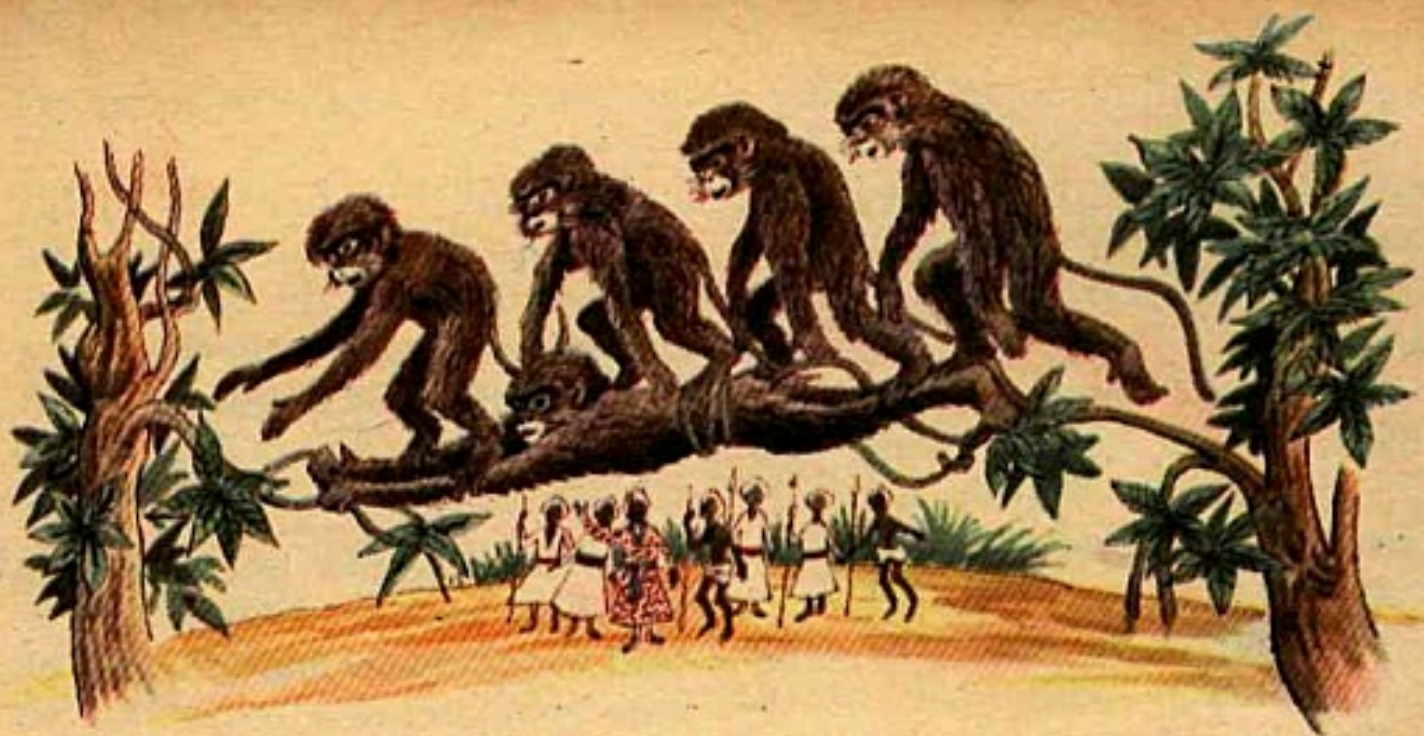
"It is true," he cried, his face lighting up with joy. "I have never tasted a better fruit in all my life. Tell me, foresters, where can I find the tree that bears this mango?"

"This fruit grows upon a rare tree, which can only be found on the river bank many days' journey from here," one of the foresters replied.

"Then tomorrow we shall all set sail up the river," said the king.

The following day the royal party boarded a boat and their journey began. For five days they sailed up the river and as darkness fell on the fifth day, one of the foresters suddenly





cried out. "Look. There is the tree we are searching for!"

The boat was anchored and the king and his courtiers went ashore. The tree was indeed laden with the rare mango fruit and the king was eager to taste it again. But by now it was getting very dark, so reluctantly he decided to save himself the pleasure until the following morning.

Giving orders for his soldiers to guard the tree so no one could steal the fruit, the king went to his tent and settled down to sleep.

Late that evening he was suddenly awoken by the screeching of monkeys and the shouts of his soldiers. He rushed out of the tent and to his horror, saw a troop of monkeys sitting

in the mango tree, gobbling down as much of the fruit as they could.

"Get rid of them this minute," screamed the king. "How dare they eat my fruit!"

The soldiers surrounded the tree and were just about to throw their spears when the leader of the monkeys looked down and saw the danger.

Quickly, he tied the end of a branch round his body and leapt in the air towards a neighbouring tree. He just managed to catch hold of a branch in his hands. Then he ordered all the monkeys to make their escape by running across the bridge formed by his body.

To the amazement of the king and soldiers below, the screeching and chattering mon-

keys trampled across their leader.

"One who uses his own life to offer safety to others deserves a royal reward," said the king, deeply impressed by what he had seen.

The poor monkey was taken back to the king's camp and his cuts and bruises bathed. Then he was laid on a soft cushion to rest.

A little while later the king came to him with a bowl of fruit and asked,

"Noble monkey, why did you risk your life so others might escape?"

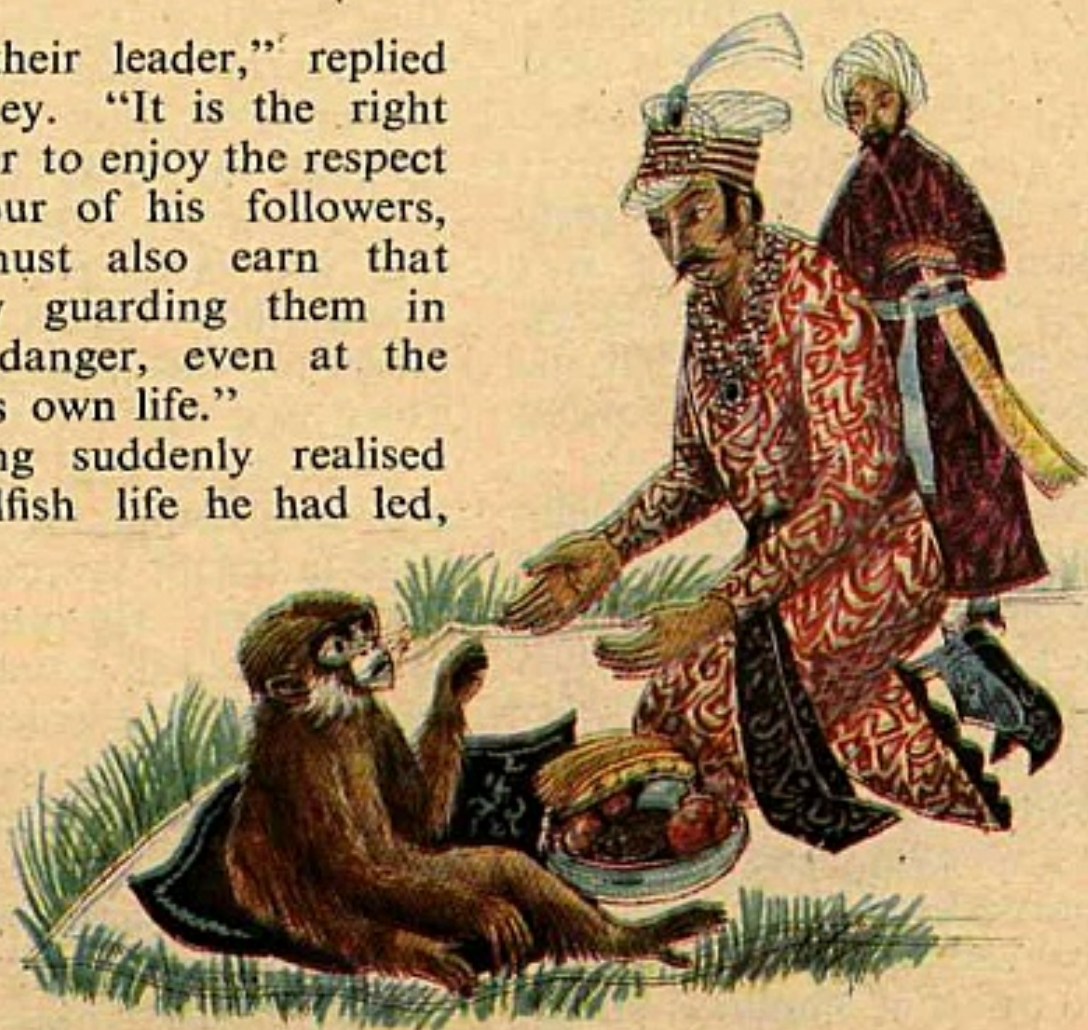
"I am their leader," replied the monkey. "It is the right of a leader to enjoy the respect and honour of his followers, but he must also earn that respect by guarding them in times of danger, even at the risk of his own life."

The king suddenly realised what a selfish life he had led,

and how he had neglected his people.

He took the monkey to his palace to live with him, and there he ordered the royal stone cutters to carve these words above the palace gate for all to see: "Only he is honoured, who honours others."

From that day on, the king ruled his people wisely and well, and every day he had one of the rare mangoes for breakfast to remind himself of the lesson the monkey had taught him.





THE KING'S TURBAN

Shiv Kumar, the King of Mandur, was both vain and stupid. And stupid he certainly was, because he could hardly read or write and surrounded himself with a bevy of advisers who were just as stupid as himself.

Now Bhat was a wandering

poet, and a very good poet too, but when he entered the King's palace one day, he had no idea that the King loathed poetry and poets likewise.

Bhat wandered into the audience chamber, and started to recite some verses he had recently composed. The King, on

hearing Bhat's melodious voice, turned purple with rage and ordered his guards to give the miscreant a good whipping and throw him out of the palace.

Bruised and shaken, poor Bhat wandered along the highway, vowing that one day he would find the ways and means of teaching that arrogant king a good lesson.

The following day Bhat arrived at the nearby kingdom of Bundi, and he knew that King Aluhar was famed throughout the land as a great soldier and poet. Approaching the gates of the town, Bhat was fortunate to see the King and his retinue returning from a hunting expedition.

Bhat immediately, in a golden voice, started reciting verses praising the victories of King Aluhar; the greatness of his forefathers and wealth of his kingdom. The King stopped his chariot, and calling the poet to come forward, praised the beauty of his verses, and asked Bhat what he would like as a gift.

Bhat looked up at the King, "Your Majesty, there is nothing I would like better than the turban you are wearing."

"What an odd request," replied

the King, "I thought you would ask for gold, or a jewel, but instead you ask for my turban which is of very little value, Why?"

"I shall wear your royal turban as a king's gift to poetry," said Bhat, "and wherever I go your fame as a king and friend of poets will spread."

"For those kind words, you shall have my turban," and the King took off his turban and gave it to the poet.

Everyone at Bundi forgot the poet and his unusual request, but one day he arrived at the court in a sorry condition. His clothing was torn, and bespattered with blood, and in his hands he carried the tattered remnants of the king's turban.

The King was full of sympathy and asked Bhat what had happened.

Then Bhat told his sad story, "Your Majesty, I have visited many courts, and before I bowed to the kings, I took off your turban, and when they asked me why I removed the turban, I told them that the turban belonged to the great King Aluhar, and could not be made to bow to other kings. They all agreed that was just, but when I went to the court



of King Shiv Kumar, he said everyone should bow low before him, and in a mad fury he snatched your turban from my hands and trampled it under his feet. Then he had me whipped and kicked out of his palace."

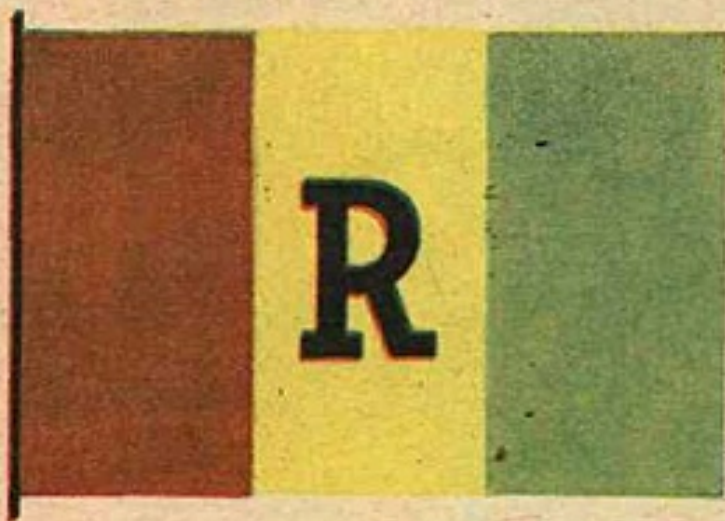
King Aluhar jumped to his feet. "I will teach that ill-mannered underling a lesson he will never forget."

The following morning King Aluhar led his chariots and

army to Mandur. At the sight of such a large force the poorly paid soldiers of Shiv Kumar threw down their weapons and ran. Shiv Kumar begged for mercy, but was rightly thrown into a dungeon, there to spend the rest of his days.

Mandur, to the delight of the people, became part of King Aluhar's domain. And Bhat lived happily at the King's palace—all because of a King's turban.

WHAT ARE THESE FLAGS?



Here is the National flag of one of the youngest countries in the world—the Republic of Ruanda. Formerly part of Ruanda-Urundi, an East African territory under Belgian protection, it became an Independent State in 1962. At the same time, Urundi became the Kingdom of Burundi.

Shown here is the National (and also the Merchant) flag of Costa Rica. This small republic is situated on that rather narrow neck of land linking the two great areas of North and South America. The name Costa Rica is Spanish and means "Rich coast"



This is the flag of Ethiopia, the African kingdom once known as Abyssinia. The emblem on the centre stripe is the Lion of Judah, a reference to the link with a tribe which came from Judah. Ethiopia's most important race is the Amhara, which adopted the Christian faith in the fourth century. Several reasons are given for the colours, one being that they are those of the rainbow, often to be seen in Ethiopia.



A DREAM COMES TRUE

Heralal was at one time a wealthy merchant of Patalipur. Unwise investments and a generous disposition soon saw all his wealth disappear, and eventually he was forced to sell his large house, and live in a humble cottage.

His misfortunes preyed heavily on his mind, and each day he would go to the temple of Kali and pray. One night, depressed and miserable, he rushed into the temple, and falling on his knees before the Goddess, he clutched her feet, and in his anguish cried, "Mother, if you do not give your son a sign, he will end his wretched life."

Later he returned to his poor abode, and sick in mind, he fell into a troublesome sleep. Then

in his dreams a radiant light filled his room, and in the centre of this light the Goddess Kali appeared and he heard her voice, "Beloved son, for your devotion and purity of heart, go to the town of Kunuj and your poverty will end."

Early next morning, Heraldal, with the dream firmly in his mind, decided to set out immediately for Kunuj. It was a long journey; the heat was intense, and Heraldal was forced to rest by day and travel by night. At last, footsore and weary, he reached the outskirts of Kunuj, and coming to the ruins of an old temple, he decided to rest there for the remainder of the night.

During the night, Heraldal was awakened by shouting and run-

ning feet. Suddenly in the dark a figure brushed by him, and disappeared through the temple. Before Heralal could gather his wits, other figures appeared, who heedless of his protests, pounced on him and bound him with ropes.

"We have caught you at last, you miserable thief," roared one, and in that dim light Heralal recognized the uniforms of the King's guard.

Poor Heralal thought his troubles were never ending as he was marched off to the prison.

The following morning Heralal was brought before the town magistrate. In a tearful voice Heralal told the magistrate the whole story of his misfortunes. Luckily, the magistrate believed his story, and decided to give Heralal some good advice.

"You should not believe in dreams, because your dream has landed you in trouble. I myself had a dream that if I went to Patalipur and dug beneath a peepal tree in the backyard of a cottage close by the temple, I would find gold."

"I would not travel one yard, let alone fifty miles for a mere dream," continued the magis-

trate, "So I advise you to go home, and stop believing in silly dreams."

Heralal stumbled out of the court house, his mind in a whirl, because he knew the house the magistrate spoke of; it was his own.

Travelling night and day, Heralal rushed back to his home town. The heat and food did not worry him; all he could think of was the gold under the peepal tree.

When he reached Patalipur, he first went to the temple to pray and thank the Goddess Kali for her blessing. That same night, Heralal started digging under the peepal tree. He dug for hours, and though bathed in perspiration, he refused to give in.

Then just as dawn was breaking, he uncovered one, two, three large earthenware jars. It took all his remaining strength to carry them, one by one, into his house. And what joy, when he discovered they were filled with precious gold coins.

Now Heralal is again a wealthy merchant who looks thrice at any investment, and is more devoted to the Goddess Kali than ever before.



THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

Gopu was a fairly rich man, and a very devoted husband, but he had one failing. Gopu did not believe in spending money on what he considered to be unnecessary luxuries, especially jewellery for his wife.

Now this was a pity because his wife Sundari was extremely beautiful and naturally felt unhappy when unlike her friends, she had no nice jewellery to wear on important occasions. This of course, led to arguments from time to time, and Sundari would always speak of Gunavati, a neighbour, who seemed to have an endless array of costly jewellery.

But Gopu was never at a loss for soothing words and often tried to console Sundari by telling her that jewellery was essential for ugly women like

Gunavati, and not at all necessary for a queen of beauty such as herself.

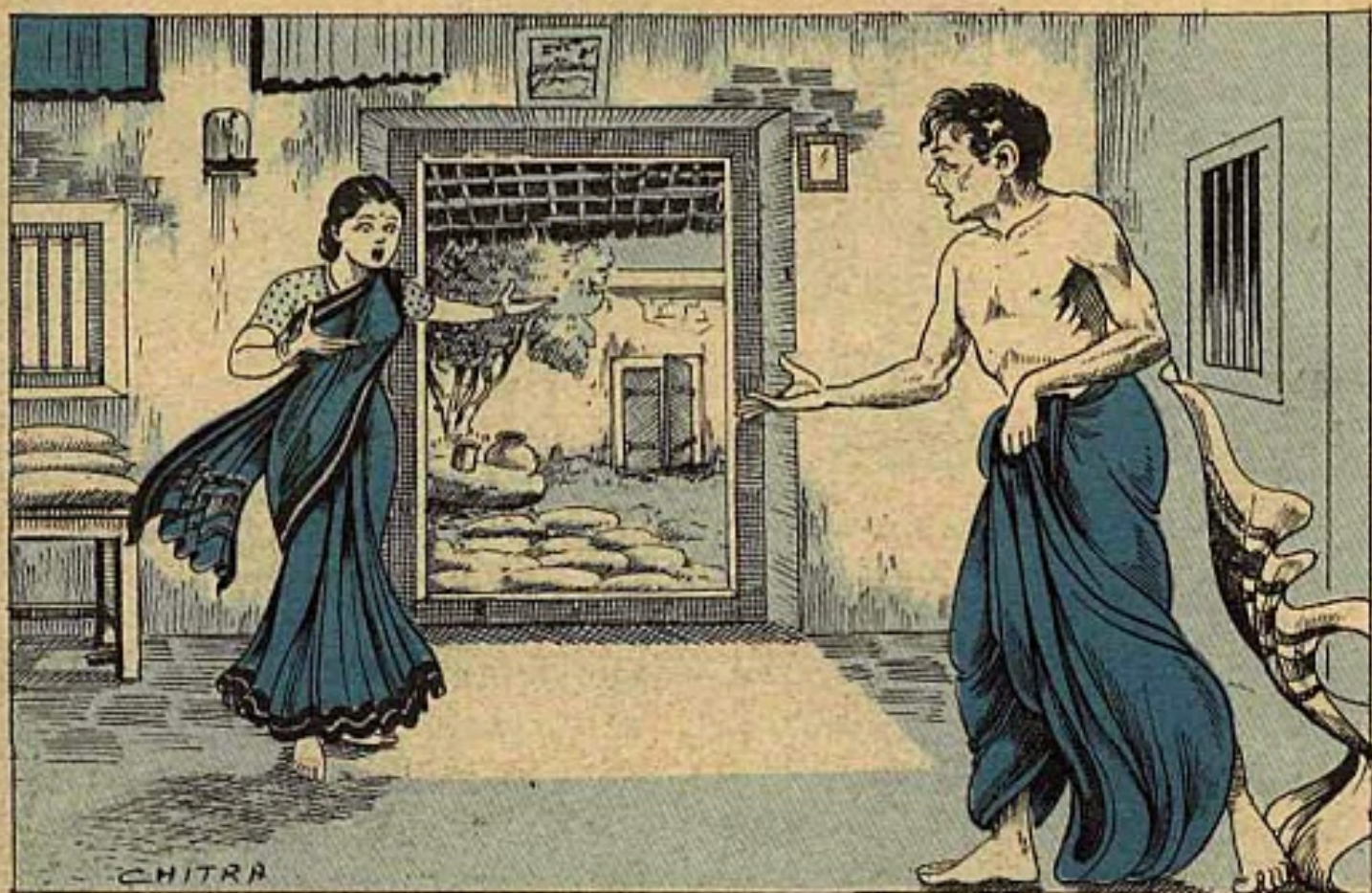
Sundari was quick one day to reply, "But queens at least have crowns to wear."

"Oh, you are an uncrowned queen," Gopu replied with a smile. "And a very beautiful one."

It seemed useless to argue with her husband over jewellery. Then one day Gunavati called, to show Sundari a new diamond necklace her husband had given her. It was certainly lovely and poor Sundari was quite envious.

That evening, with her mind still full of the diamond necklace, she liberally begged Gopu to buy her one, which she said would only cost ten thousand rupees.

"Ten thousand rupees!" ex-



The diamond necklace was missing

claimed Gopu in a frenzy. "Why, if I invest ten thousand rupees I am assured of at least a thousand rupees interest each year. So why waste good money on jewellery."

Later that month, it was Sundari's birthday and friends had been invited to dinner. When Gopu got home that evening, Sundari rushed to meet him and in a happy voice said, "Do you see anything different in me this evening?"

"You look wonderful," explained Gopu in sheer admira-

tion, "But that necklace, where did you get it?"

Sundari was all excitement, "It's Gunavati's necklace" she said. "She very kindly lent it to me to wear for this evening."

Gopu was quick to see that the diamond necklace made his wife look lovelier than ever, but the thought of ten thousand rupees expenditure was another matter.

The dinner party was a great success and it was quite late when the last guest departed. Gopu thought that Sundari

should return the necklace that very night, but Sundari pointed out that it was very late and Gunavati and her husband would be fast asleep, so she would return it the following morning.

The next morning, the household was in an uproar. Sundari with tears streaming down her face awakened Gopu. "The necklace has disappeared, what shall we do?"

Gopu helped to search every nook and cranny, but the necklace was not to be found. In the end, they were forced to admit that robbers must have entered the house during the night to steal the necklace.

Gopu realised that they had no alternative, but to get the goldsmith to make a copy of the original necklace, even though it would cost him so much of his money.

Fortunately the goldsmith was able to make an exact duplicate, and he promised to have the necklace ready within two or three days.

When the necklace was delivered and the goldsmith paid, Gopu implored his wife to give it to Gunavati immediately before it could be stolen a second time.

"Oh dear, how foolish of me not to have told you," Sundari said with a meek smile, "I found Gunavati's necklace. I suddenly remembered that I had hidden it in the bottom of the chest, and I returned it to Gunavati yesterday. So please, may I keep this one?"

Gopu was lost for words, but had to admit that Sundari would look more beautiful than ever with her diamond necklace. So perhaps after all it was a good investment.





BRIDE GROOM FOR A CAT

King Vijay had just one daughter, the Princess Chandra, who was very beautiful, but being an only child, she was badly spoilt.

Nevertheless, her beauty and being the daughter of a powerful ruler, brought many suitors for her hand in marriage. Of all the suitors, Prince Jayant, the future ruler of the Kingdom of Padmapur, was the most outstanding. Apart from his good looks, he had already proved himself to be a capable statesman.

Princess Chandra was certainly very fond of Prince Jayant, and King Vijay had implored the Princess many times to accept Prince Jayant, so that the wedding could take place that very year.

But alas, there was a problem, and the problem was Princess Chandra's pet cat. It was a delightful female cat that seemed to spend its days lapping cream and reclining on a velvet cushion. The princess was very fond of her pet cat, but she absolutely refused to marry anyone until her cat was married too!

King Vijay was inclined to lose patience with his daughter's spoilt attitude over the cat, but the princess was as obstinate as she was lovely.

The King decided it was time this nonsense ended, so he sent for the princess: "Look my child, as soon as your betrothal is announced, there will not be the slightest difficulty in finding a com-

panion for your pet cat."

"My cat is not going to marry any ordinary cat," retorted the princess, stamping her foot. "Let it be proclaimed that I will marry the man who brings me a cat, that my pet will accept on sight."

The King decided there was nothing he could do to make the princess change her attitude, so he sent for his Chief Minister, and having explained the problem, told the minister he must find a solution without giving the slightest grounds for offence to Prince Jayant.

The Chief Minister pondered for a while, then smiled. "Your Majesty, this is a simple problem to solve. All I ask is that you invite Prince Jayant to visit you immediately."

That evening a proclamation was read throughout the capital, announcing that Princess Chandra would be pleased to marry any young man who found her a suitable bridegroom for her female cat.

Every young man thought that here was the golden opportunity to marry a real princess by just producing a tom cat. Those who did not have a cat, stole the first one they saw, and the following morning there



was a long line of enthusiastic young men coming through the palace gates, each carrying a cat. There were black cats, grey cats, white cats and ginger cats; some were fat and some were thin, but you could hear their miaowing for miles around.

All the young men were taken into the great hall and given refreshments. Then the Chief Minister walked in and clapping his hands for attention, announced. "I welcome you all to the palace. In a few minutes the King will inspect your cats to see if one of them is suitable for the Princess's cat. Now I am afraid the proclamation failed to say that everyone who brought a cat that is found unsuitable, will be beheaded in the palace yard."

Hearing these ominous words, every young man quickly picked up his feline specimen and scampered out of the palace

as fast as their legs could carry them.

The Chief Minister went to the Princess. "Your Highness, all the cats brought to the palace were most unsuitable. But do not worry, my men are scouring the kingdom for a fitting bridegroom."

A few days later Prince Jayant arrived at the palace and asked to see the Princess. Meanwhile the wily Chief Minister had found a good looking tom cat which he kept secreted in his chambers. Servants spent hours grooming this cat and feeding it on tasty morsels till it was fat and placid. But before taking the cat to the Princess, the Chief Minister rubbed rich dairy cream into its fur.

Just before Prince Jayant was to see the Princess, the Chief Minister followed by a footman

bearing the tom cat on a silken cushion, entered the Princess's chamber.

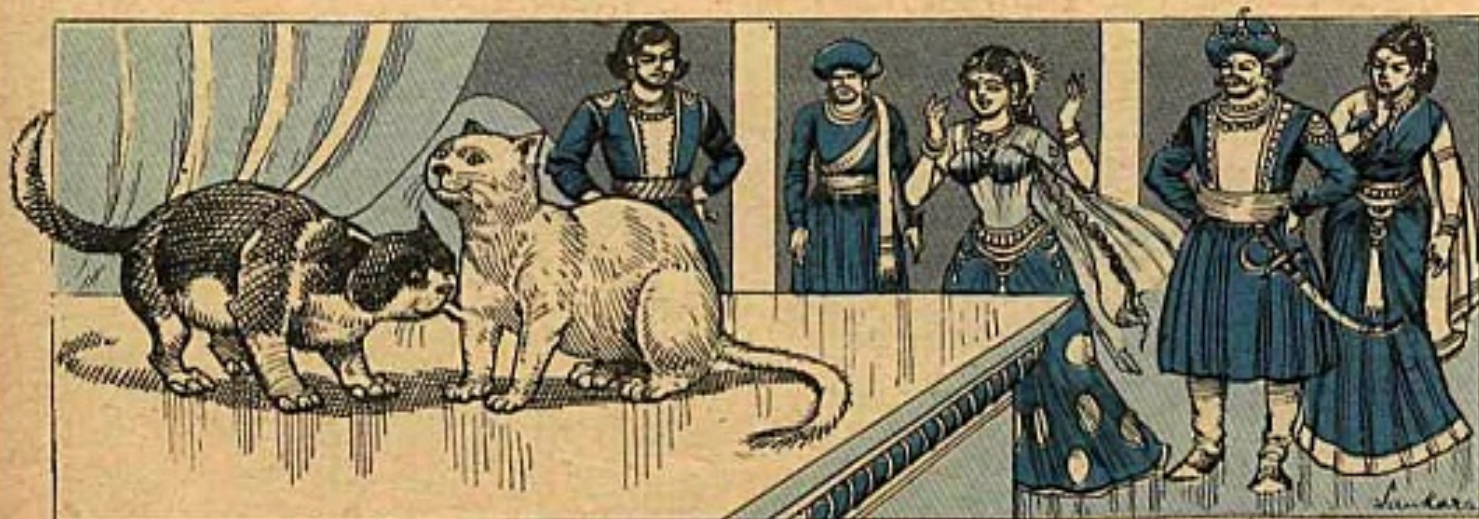
As soon as the tom cat was in the room, the Princess's cat smelt the cream, and purring away, it was soon licking the tom cat's fur.

The Princess clapped her hands in great glee and cried, "At last my cat has got a husband."

Whilst the Princess was fussing over the two cats, Prince Jayant, who had been told the story of the 'Bridegroom' cat, was announced.

When the Prince entered, the Chief Minister turned to the Princess. "Your Highness, I should inform you that Prince Jayant was responsible for finding your cat's husband."

The following day the betrothal of Princess Chandra and Prince Jayant was announced.



Once upon a time...

At the beginning of the century, cycles were unknown, and here is how people in western countries began to travel around without having to walk.

All kinds of strange, new things began to appear on the roads of Britain in Victorian times.

Besides the horses and the different kinds of carriages which people had used for get-

ting around before, there were now dangerous-looking things called boneshakers and penny-farthings. These were the very earliest bicycles and very strange they looked, too.

You can see a penny-farthing bicycle on the left. It took skill and some courage, too, to get on to it. Its rider put one foot on the pedal, hopped along as the bicycle started moving and then leapt up into the saddle. The saddle was so high that he sometimes fell back to the ground again and ended up bruised and scratched.

Ladies never rode the penny-farthings. They could not leap up into the high saddle because of their long skirts.

The boneshaker was easier to ride because the two wheels were nearly the same size, more like the wheels on our bicycles.

Later, as bicycles became popular, they were made easier to ride and bicycles with a low



seat and two wheels exactly the same size, like the ones we have today, were made. Ladies could ride these easily and soon they joined their brothers and friends, cycling along the country lanes, going on picnics and even on cycling holidays.

People who preferred a more sedate ride, with no chance of falling off, could buy a tricycle, with two wheels at the back and one at the front.

It was towards the end of Victorian times, less than a hundred years ago, that the first petrol-driven motor car was made.

Nobody thought much of these new "horseless carriages" at first. People said they were noisy and the petrol gave off fumes and they spoilt the pleasant country roads of Britain. They said motor cars were dangerous and might kill people and the noise they made certainly frightened the horses on the roads, which annoyed their riders very much.

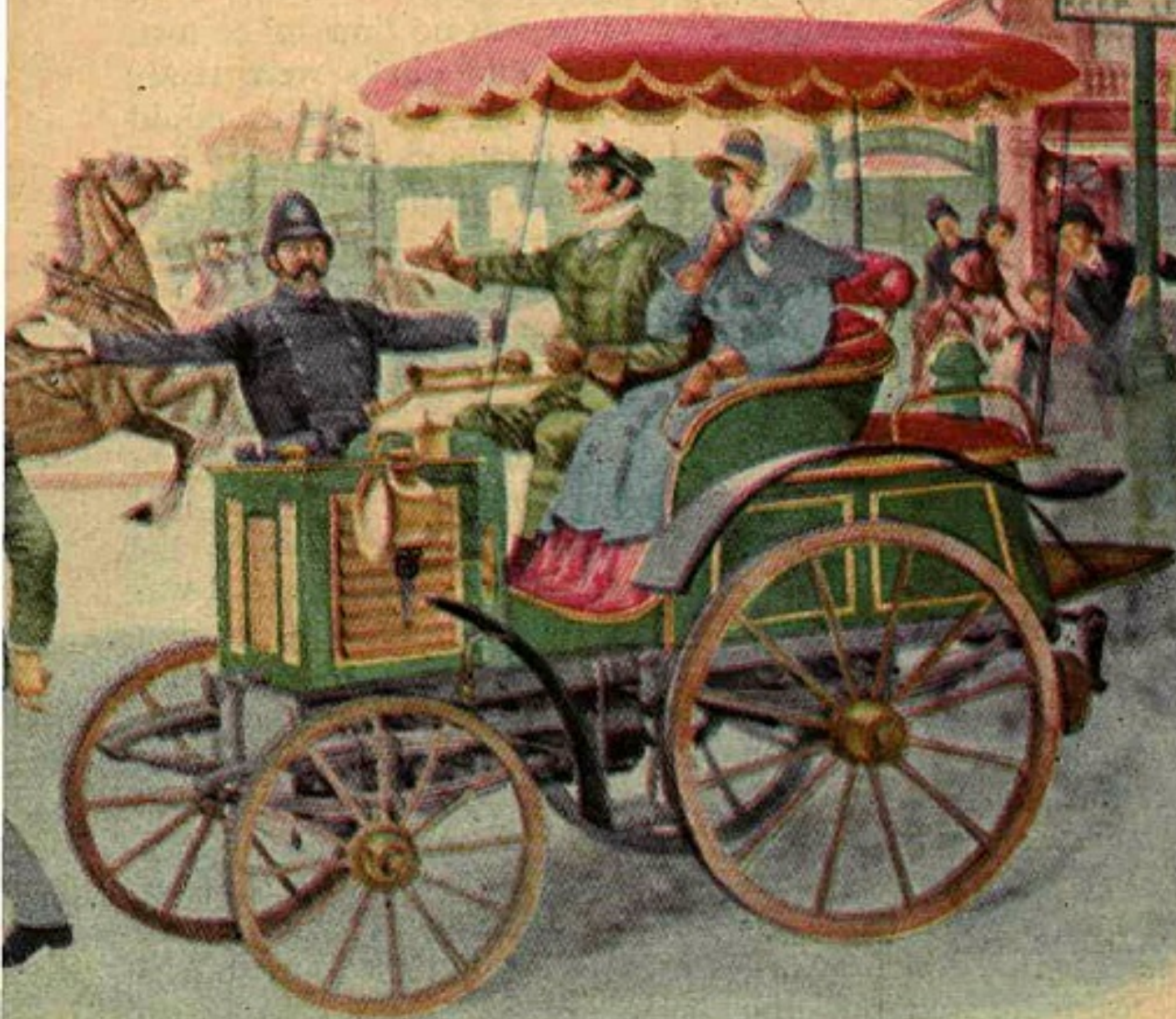
Often the cars broke down and then horses had to be brought, to tow them to a place where they could be repaired.

The early motor cars were very slow. They were not much faster than the horses,

but in England there was a law which made it illegal for mechanical vehicles to travel more than four miles an hour on the roads (and in some cases two miles an hour). Also, a man had to walk in front carrying a red flag. Motor cars could go no faster than the man with the red flag could walk, even if they had wanted to. It was not surprising that nobody bothered much about motor cars.



This is one of the very first cars, a Daimler, made in 1896. At first, cars were not allowed to travel on British roads faster than four miles an hour and they always had to have a man walking in front of them, carrying a red flag. The first cars looked just like carriages with an engine instead of a horse and were known as "horseless carriages."



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

My name is Baron Munchausen (which is really an easy name if you say it *Monk-how-sen*) and last month I told you of my wonderful adventures in the Russian city of St. Petersburg, which is now called Leningrad.

Towards the end of my stay there, I happened one morning to look through the window of my bedroom. I saw, not far off, a large pond which was covered with wild ducks.

"There is not a moment to lose," I said to myself. "I must go hunting at once."

In an instant I took my gun and ran downstairs in such a hurry that I did not look where I was going and banged my face against the front door.

It was such a hard knock on my nose that I saw stars for a few moments and sparks flew out of my eyes, but it did not stop me from rushing to the edge of the pond. Alas, when I got there and put the gun to my shoulder, I saw

that the force of my collision had also knocked out the flint and I had no means of sparking the gunpowder off and firing the gun.

There was no time to be lost, for the wild ducks were ready to fly off, so what could I do? Remembering what had happened earlier, I kept my face close to the gun and gave myself a punch on the nose.

This hearty blow made me see stars again and sparks flew out of my eyes, setting light to the gunpowder and so fired the gun. Bang! When the smoke had cleared away, I was delighted to find that no less than ten ducks had been killed with that single shot.

That is where quick-thinking is useful. Some people call it presence of mind, and there is no doubt that many soldiers and sailors owe to it their lucky escapes. Hunters and sportsmen are often most successful when they have the special



power of quick thinking.

I will give you a good example of this. I remember one day I saw on a lake some dozens of wild ducks, too scattered; however, for me to hope to get more than one of them. A shot from my gun might get one perhaps, but the rest would scatter in alarm and fly out of sight.

To make matters worse, I had only one last charge of gunpowder and I needed to take at least half a dozen ducks home, as I expected a good number of friends in for dinner.

With great presence of mind I soon thought of an idea. In my lunch-bag I had a piece of bacon which I had not eaten because it was rather fat.

I fastened a piece of the bacon to the end of a long string and then hid myself among thick rushes on the bank of the lake. I threw out the bait and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the first duck approach it eagerly and swallow it.

The others flocked together behind the first and so—the oiliness of the bacon assisting—my bait passed through the entire length of the duck. The second duck swallowed it, then the third, and so on. At the



To the great astonishment of my cook, I arrived in the fireplace.

end of a few minutes my piece of fat bacon had gone through the line of ducks without separating the string, and they were strung together like a row of pearls.

Joyfully I brought the whole lot to the bank, slung them from my shoulders by the string and set off for home. It was a heavy load that I was carrying and it was a long way, and I began to wish that somehow or other I could get a lift.

I got one sooner than expected. The ducks began to get lively. They flapped their wings and by beating them hard together, they started to rise into

the air, taking me with them.

At first I was a little scared, but once again, with some quick thinking, I turned this sudden flight to my own use. By holding out the tails of my coat and turning them this way and that I was able to use them as rudders and guided myself to my home.

By the time I reached the top of my house the ducks were very tired, so I steered them down through the chimney and, to the great astonishment of my cook, I arrived in the fireplace, where, luckily, there was no fire alight at the time.

I could tell you many stories

of my wonderful adventures while hunting, but have room for only two others, which are about hunting wild boars. These are very fierce animals, as you know, living in the depths of forests, and are difficult to catch.

One day I saw a wild boar and a sow running close behind each other. I fired a shot, but in the gloom of the forest I missed. As the noise of the shot died away, the wild boar which was in front of the sow ran off at top speed.



The sow remained without moving, as if fixed to the ground. Greatly puzzled by this, I carefully crept closer and closer.

I held my breath, but the sow did not appear to see me. On looking closer, I soon found out the reason. The poor old sow, blind with age, had been holding on to the tail of the boar in front. My shot had nipped off the end of his tail and this the sow was still holding in her mouth, waiting to be led along the path through the forest.

"Come along, old lady," I said, and taking hold of the piece of tail in her mouth, I led the old sow away without any trouble. She did not seem to notice that her guide had changed into a human being.

Having left the old sow in a safe place, where she would quickly find other animals of her own kind, I then turned to make my way out of the forest, feeling that I had done a noble and good deed for the day.

However, my kindness went without reward. There was a sudden squealing and grunting and from the middle of a thicket, a fierce wild boar came

bounding towards me.

It had sharp, pointed tusks and little eyes that flashed with rage. I did not like the look of it at all and had no time to level my gun and take aim.

It was speed of thought that again saved me. I was standing in front of a stout oak tree at the time and when the wild boar charged, I jumped sideways and upwards. The furious animal was not prepared for this and could not stop. Its tusks drove into the tree and remained there, solidly fixed.

"Ho, ho!" I thought. "I have you now, ungrateful thing."

I dashed away to the next

village, where I collected a cart and ropes to tie him properly, and then carried him away. That was how I caught the biggest wild boar I have ever seen.

My friends would not believe me at first when I told them about the old blind sow. "Baron Munchausen," said one of them, "you are quite famous for telling strange tales. In fact, many people think that what you say is not always true."

"This tale is proved by THIS tail," I replied, pointing to the tail of the wild boar. "As you will see, the tip of it is missing!"





A FOOLISH STORY

Shafika and her husband Hangal lived in a big city. Shafika was an industrious woman who ran her home extremely well, but Hangal was so stupid that it was virtually impossible to trust him to do anything. Shafika always tried to keep her husband's stupidity a secret, although she often silently cursed her bad luck to have an idiot for a husband.

One day Rahma, a neighbour, called to see Shafika, and as they were quite good friends, it was a welcome change to sit and discuss all the local news and scandals. On this particular day Rahma kept on bringing up the subject of husbands, and how wonderful it was to have a clever husband who

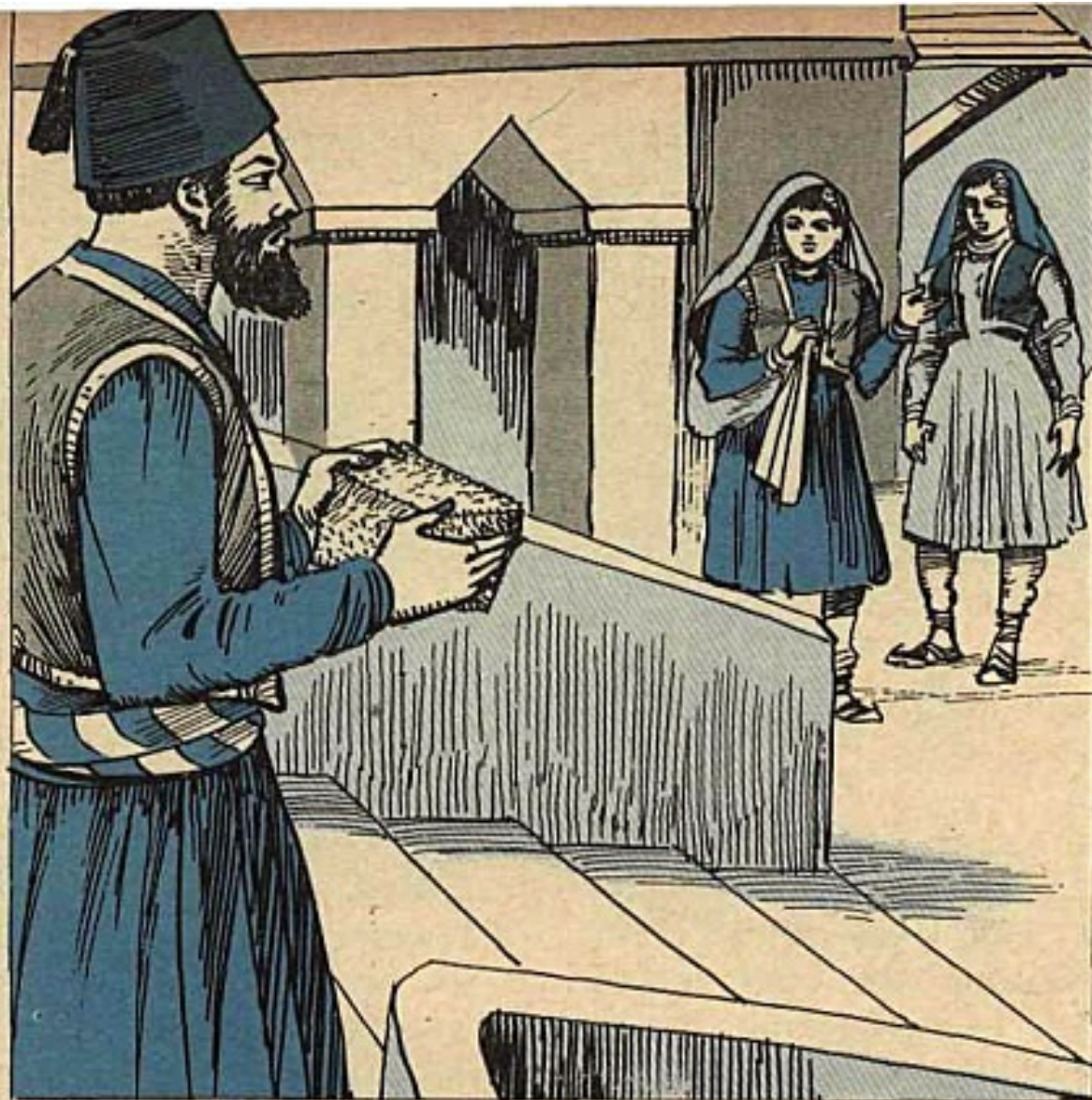
earned a good salary.

For some time poor Shafika listened in silence, but then the talk of clever husbands was too much to bear, she broke down, and between her sobs, she stammered, "Please Rahma, do not talk to me of husbands, for mine is a curse put upon me, and he is far too stupid to earn even a solitary rupee."

Rahma tried to console her, and tell her that her husband could not be that bad.

"I will show you that I have the stupidest husband," said Shafika, and going to the door she called "Hangal, go upstairs and fetch the bread, then I will make your breakfast."

After a pause, Hangal's hesi-



Hangal didn't know which way to go

tating voice was heard, "Shafika my dear, I am half-way up the stairs, should I go up or come down?"

"If you have the loaf of bread in your hands, come down, if not, go up the stairs and fetch it."

Silence reigned for several minutes, then again came Hangal's voice. "Shafika, I am halfway down the stairs, what do I do now?"

Shafika told him to look in his hands, and if he had the bread, to please come down. Then turning to Rahma, she shrugged her shoulders and said: "You have now seen for yourself that he is quite hopeless."

Rahma smiled: "If you want to see a bigger fool, come along to my home."

So the two women went to Rahma's home, and as soon as

they got inside, Rahma gave her husband a jar full of water and told him to take this wheat to the miller and have it ground.

Off he went with the jar on his head, and when he got to the miller's yard, the miller took one look at the jar of water and realised that here was a prize idiot, but loving a good joke, the miller said:

"I am afraid this is going to take time to grind. So why don't you rest awhile on that heap of hay over there, next to that other fellow who is sleeping."

That sounded a good idea, so the husband lay down beside a snoring stranger, and before long was fast asleep.

Quietly the miller took a pair of scissors and cut our friend's long beard quite short and placing a large turban on his head, gave him a good shake. "Wake up," he shouted. "Here is your jar of wheat flour. Now off you go."

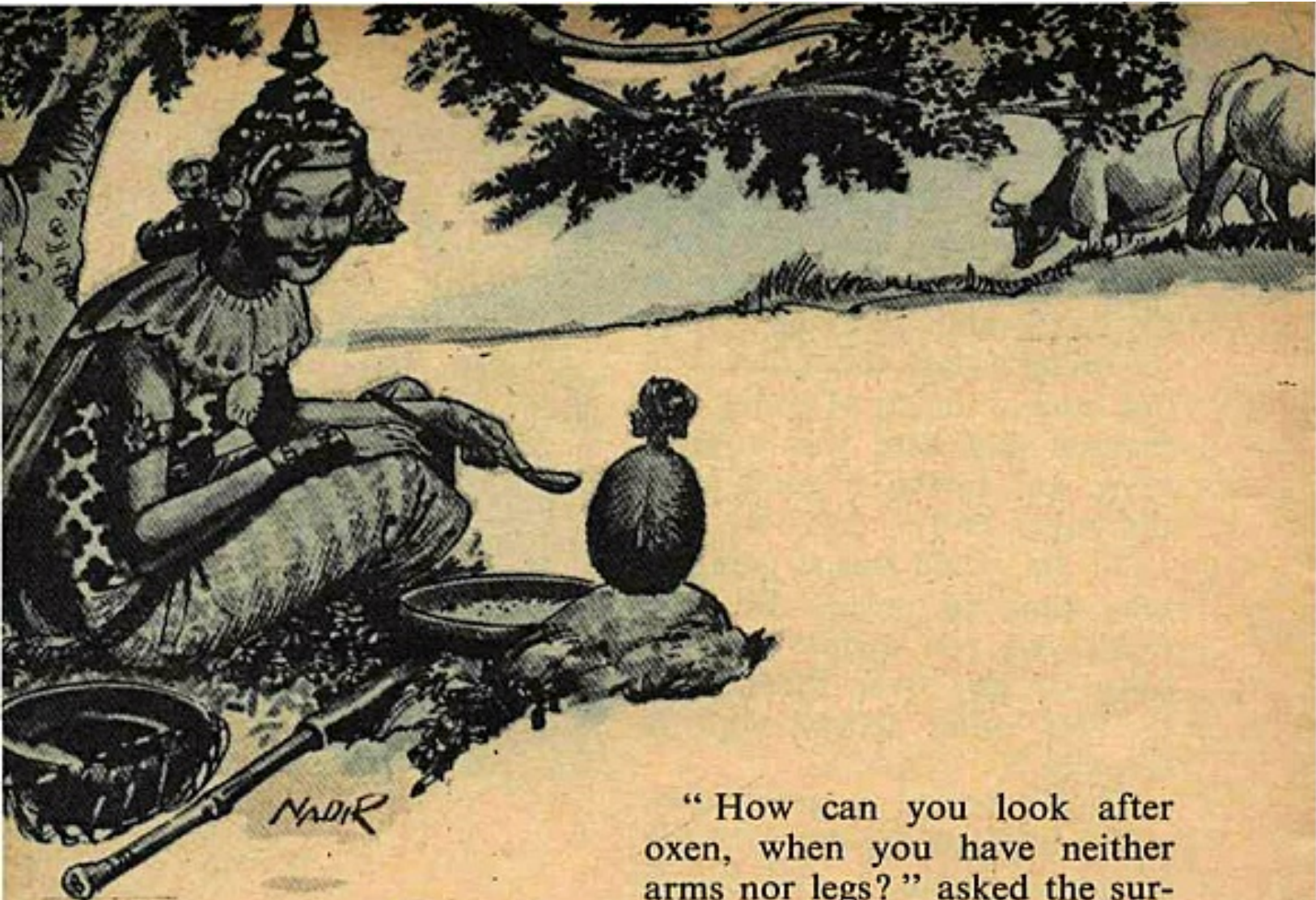
When he arrived home, neither Rahma his wife, nor Shafika recognized him. Rahma shouted, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"But I am sure one of you is my wife," replied the perplexed husband.



"Nonsense," said Rahma, "Look in this mirror and then tell me who you really are."

When he looked into the mirror, he saw the face of a stranger, and with a puzzled look turned to the women. "I beg your pardon. This is the fault of the miller. Instead of giving my wheat meal to me, the foolish miller must have woken up the stranger and given it to him. I must still be sleeping there, so I will go straight back and tell that miller to wake me up and give me the wheat flour."



Once, in far away Indo-China, there lived a poor woman. She had only one son, a very strange lad who looked so much like a coconut that he was always known as Coconut-head.

He seemed to have no arms and legs, but just a tiny head, set on a body which was exactly like a coconut. However, he was so wise and clever that it was impossible not to like him.

One day, little Coconut-head said to his mother, "Go to the king and tell him that I want to be made the keeper of his oxen."

"How can you look after oxen, when you have neither arms nor legs?" asked the surprised mother, but her son only said, "Don't bother your head about that. Leave it to me."

The king agreed to see Coconut-head and he was so surprised by the little man's intelligence and wisdom, that he agreed to make him the keeper of the oxen.

Next day, a servant seated Coconut-head on the back of one of the oxen and he led the herd to the pasture.

The king had three daughters, who had been brought up very simply and taught to do all the household tasks. At mid-day,



STORY FROM
INDO-CHINA

THE COCONUT PRINCE

the youngest was sent out to the pasture with some food. When Coconut-head saw her, he rolled over the grass and stopped at her feet. The girl gave him his food and returned home and that night, when Coconut-head brought the oxen back, the king was pleased to see that not one was missing.

"Tomorrow," he said, "take this scythe with you and cut as many tough vines as you can, to repair the roof of my house."

Next day, the scythe was tied to the back of one of the oxen and Coconut-head set out.

At mid-day, the youngest princess took Coconut-head some lunch and, curious to see how he was getting on, she

approached the field silently and hid herself behind a large tree trunk. To her great surprise, she saw that he was surrounded by many servants. Some looked after the oxen, while the others cut down vines.

After watching for some time, the girl called out and pretended that she had just arrived at the field. At once Coconut-head made a sign and in a twinkling, the servants vanished.

When he arrived back that night, bundles of vines were tied to the back of each animal.

"Tomorrow," said the king, hiding his amazement, "take this axe with you and cut down as much wood as you can, so that I can use it to make a new wing on my house."

Next day, the axe was tied to the back of an ox and Coconut-head set out for the field. The princess, full of curiosity, went silently to the field at mid-day and climbed up into a tree. She saw Coconut-head, again surrounded by servants, who were busily cutting

At night, coconut-head turned into a handsome young man.



down trees. Then, to her amazement, the coconut shell split open and out stepped a tiny man, who grew quickly into a handsome youth.

The princess watched for a time and then called out, pretending that she had just arrived. At once, the servants disappeared and Coconut-head returned to his shell.

That night, a terrible storm broke out as Coconut-head returned with the oxen and he took refuge in the kitchen, where the king's three daughters were preparing a meal. The eldest two were very rude. "Your place is the stable, not the kitchen," they told him unkindly, but the youngest just smiled at him.

Coconut-head saw that she was as kind as she was beautiful. It did not take him long to fall in love with her and he sent his mother to the king to ask for her hand in marriage.

The king was impressed by the little man's wisdom and courage and said he would certainly give his consent if his daughter agreed. To his surprise, the princess said yes at once, so the wedding was quickly arranged.

They settled down to a life of

great happiness. By day, Coconut-head was just the coconut prince, but at night he stepped out of his coconut shell and became a handsome young man. He told his wife that he was under the protection of the Genie of the Forest, who had given him magic powers.

The Princess, however, did not like her husband turning back into a coconut and one night she hid the shell, so that next morning it was nowhere to be found and the prince had to remain a handsome young man. When everyone saw the change they were amazed and delighted, all except the two elder princesses, who were full of rage and jealousy.

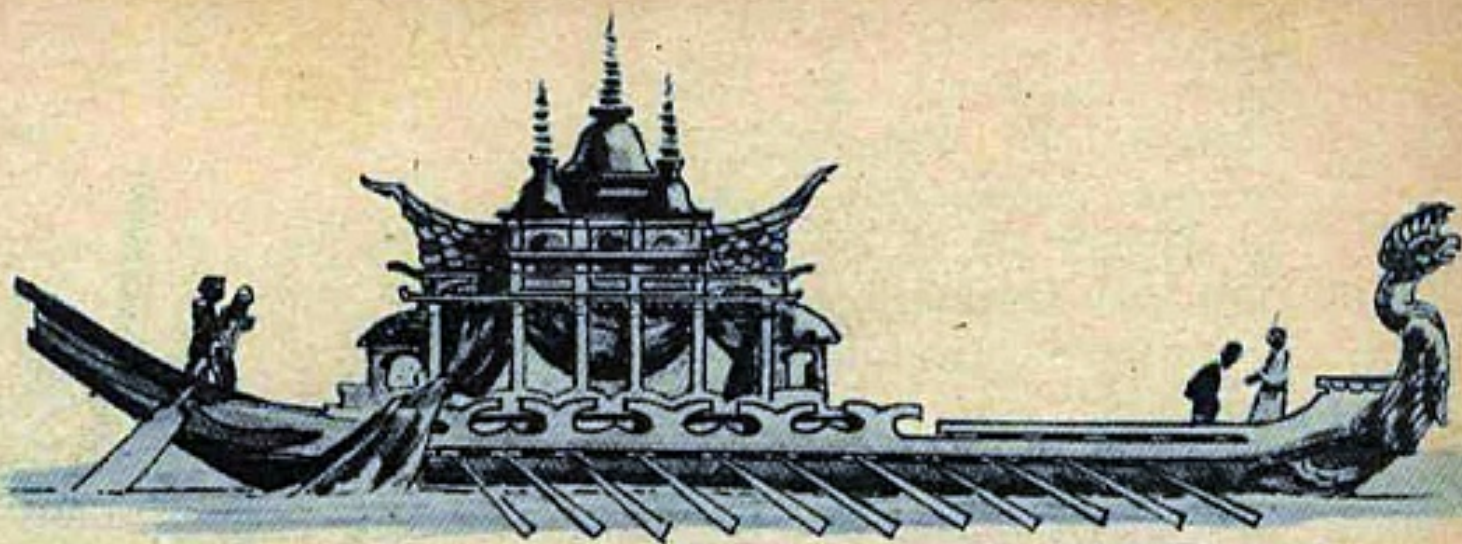
Some time later, the prince set out with his wife and her two sisters on a long voyage. The princess wore a ring with a magic emerald, given to her by her husband. It was very beautiful and her two sisters asked her to take it off, so that they could see it better.

She did so and the two sisters took the ring and looked at it closely, but they began to quarrel and argue and let it fall over the side of the ship, into



The princess dived down after her ring.

the sea. Without stopping to think, the youngest princess plunged into the water after it.



The ship returned without the princess.

She did not reappear and although they searched for a long time, they could not find her. The prince returned home in deep despair from which nothing could arouse him.

The princess had managed to clutch her ring as she plunged down, but she found that she could not reach the surface again, so she called to the ring for help. At once, she grew smaller and smaller, until she was tiny enough to be hidden inside a mother-of-pearl shell. Then the shell was washed up on a distant beach, where a fisherman found it.

He opened the shell and found the tiny girl and, delighted with her, he took her home to his wife. As they had no children, they kept her with them and looked after her well.

One day, the princess heard by chance that the city where her father and her husband lived was some distance away.

Overjoyed, she persuaded the old man to buy her a length of fine linen and some thread from the nearby market and she set to work to make a gown, which she embroidered finely and trimmed with lace as only she knew how. Then she gave the beautiful garment to the old fisherman and asked him to take it to the city and sell it to no one but the king.

The journey was a long one, but, wishing to please her, the old man set out. When he reached the city, he took the gown to the king. He saw how finely it was worked and knew at once that only his youngest daughter could do such beautiful embroidery.

He sent at once for the unhappy coconut prince and they asked the old fisherman who had made the gown. He told them about the tiny girl he had found in the sea-shell and he remembered that she wore an emerald ring.

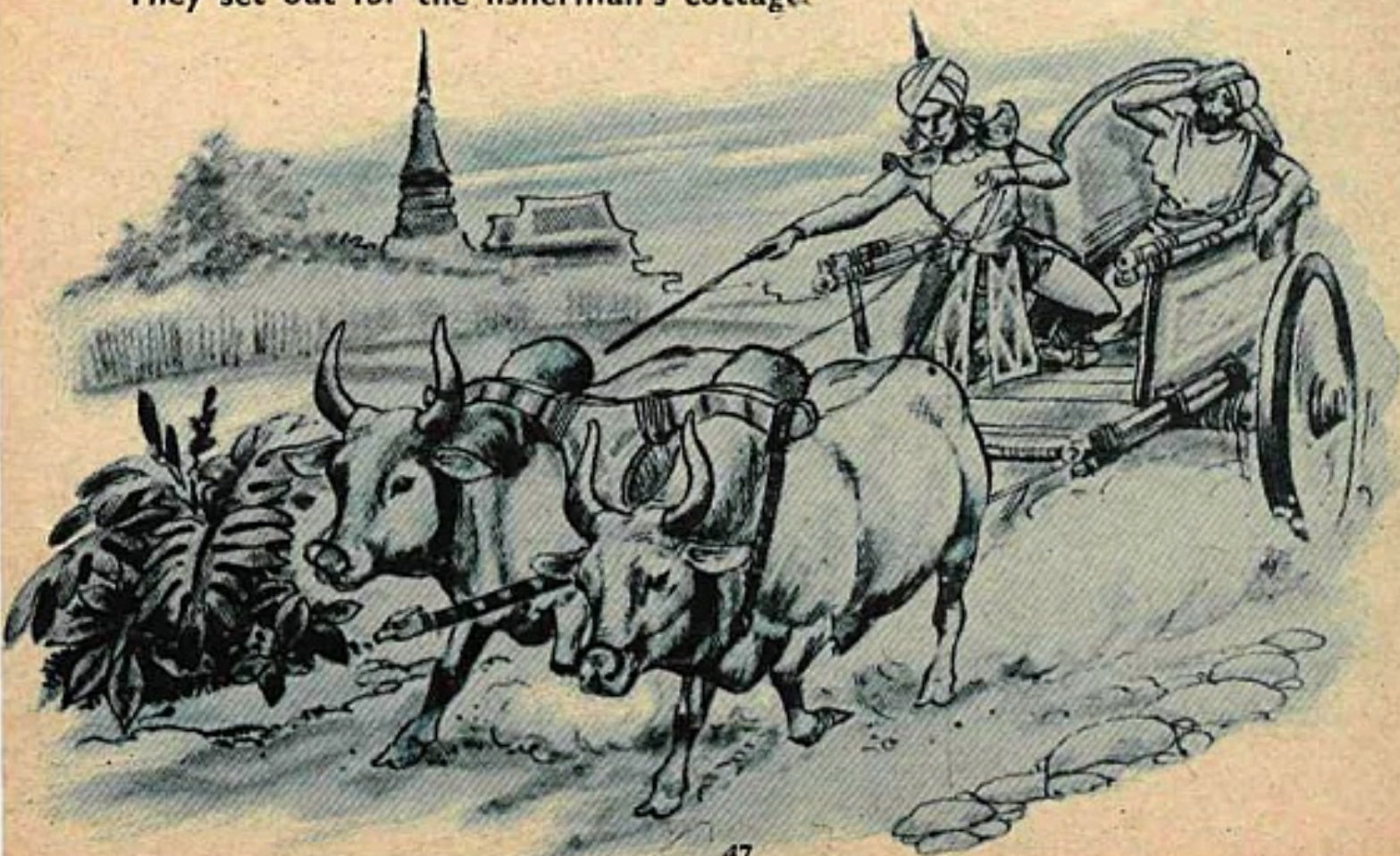
At once, the prince leaped into a carriage and taking the fisherman with him, set out for the cottage.

When the princess saw them coming, she begged the ring to restore her to her former size and at once she began to grow, until she had reached her normal size.

The prince was overjoyed to have his bride back again and they returned to the king, where a great feast of welcome was prepared. The young couple were so happy, that they did not wish the two wicked sisters to be punished too severely and they were sent to live in the fisherman's tiny cottage by the shore, while the fisherman and his wife were given a lovely house and a little farm to live on.

The two elder sisters soon repented of their jealous ways and everyone lived happily for many years afterwards.

They set out for the fisherman's cottage.





She gave the old lady
an egg and a piece of
Cheese from her
basket.



THE NECKLACE OF ACORNS

Once upon a time in a little village far away, there lived a girl named Barbara. She was pretty and kind and very good-tempered—but she lived with her step-mother, who was very mean and bad-tempered. Poor Barbara had to do all the housework and run all the errands.

One day, Barbara was on her way back from the market in a near-by town, carrying a basket in which there were a few eggs and two small pieces of cheese, as ordered by her step-mother.

As she went through a wood, singing happily and swinging the basket in her hand, she came to a large oak-tree. Sitting on the roots of the tree was an old lady, who looked so tired and hungry that Barbara could not help feeling sorry for her.

"Can I do anything to help you?" asked Barbara.

"If you have anything to eat

to offer me, I should be very grateful to you," replied the old lady.

Barbara knew very well that as soon as she reached home again, her step-mother would want an account of every penny she had spent and what things she had bought, but she did not care. Taking an egg and a piece of cheese from the basket, she gave them to the old lady. "It is not very much," she said, "but please take it."

"You are very kind and you deserve good luck," said the old lady, taking the food. "I am sorry that I cannot pay you back in the way I would like, but I am going to give you a small gift." Taking out of her pocket a necklace made from acorns, she offered it to the girl. "Take it and always carry it with you," she told her.

Barbara thanked her, took



can eat this necklace of acorns for your supper," she shouted. "Then perhaps you will learn not to give good food away for worthless things. Now get off to bed!"

Crying, Barbara went to her chilly room. Before she went to sleep, very upset and very hungry, she put the necklace of acorns in an old chest among other little things that had once belonged to her own dear mother.

Five years passed by. One day it was announced that in honour of the Prince's birthday, all the villagers would be invited to a party in his honour. They all went, even Barbara. All the young girls were dressed in their best and were wearing necklaces and bracelets—and Barbara felt very small, because her own dress was not very pretty, and all she had to wear with it was the necklace of acorns.

When the other girls saw Barbara so poorly dressed, they were sorry at first and then they began to laugh at the sight of her acorn necklace. "You had better not come with us," said one. "People will not think much of our village."

It was not surprising that

the necklace of acorns and went happily on her way.

When she got home, her step-mother was waiting. "Why are you late? Where have you been? What have you bought and where is my change?" asked the step-mother.

Barbara told her all that had happened, and when the step-mother heard that one of her eggs and a little piece of cheese had been given away, she flew into a rage.

Snatching the necklace of acorns, she gave poor Barbara a beating with it. "Stupid girl—if you feel hungry tonight you

Barbara burst into tears, but at that moment a young man on horseback rode by, with his page-boy trotting alongside.

When the rider asked the reason for Barbara's tears, one of the girls answered. "You see, sir, this girl dressed in such a poor dress and wearing only a necklace of acorns is from our village and we think it is better that she does not go to the party in case she is a disgrace to us."

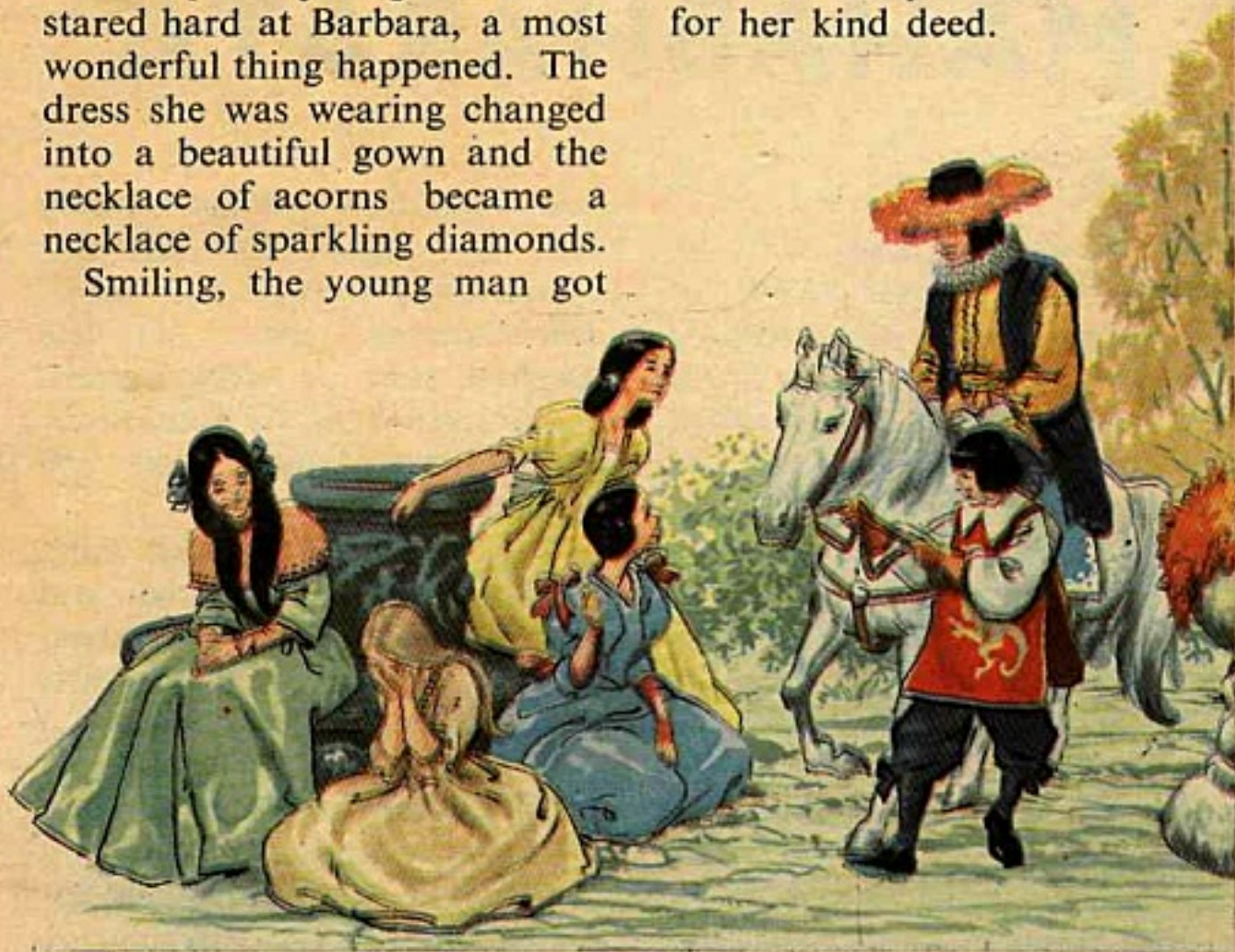
While the young horseman stared hard at Barbara, a most wonderful thing happened. The dress she was wearing changed into a beautiful gown and the necklace of acorns became a necklace of sparkling diamonds.

Smiling, the young man got

down from his horse, and with all the other girls staring in surprise, he took Barbara by the hand and escorted her to the palace.

There at the party, Barbara found herself sitting next to the young man in a place of honour, for he was none other than the Prince himself.

Soon afterwards they were married and Barbara found great happiness and good fortune, as the old lady under the oak tree had promised in return for her kind deed.





Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

The story so far:

After the death of King Santanu, Chitrangada became King of Hastinapura and he was succeeded by Vichitravirya. The latter had two sons — Dhritarashtra and Pandu. The elder of the two was born blind, so the younger brother Pandu, ascended to the throne. In the course of his reign Pandu suffered from the curse of a sage and lived for some years in a forest with his two wives.

During these years the two wives of Pandu; Kunti and Madri gave birth to five sons who afterwards became famous as the

five Pandavas. When Pandu died, the sages took the five Pandavas to live with their uncle, Dhritarashtra and his one hundred sons at Hastinapura. These sons of the blind Dhritarashtra were known as the Kauravas.

When King Pandu died, Yudhishtira, his eldest son and heir apparent, was only sixteen years of age, so the blind Dhritarashtra was made king.

At Hastinapura the five sons of Pandu and the hundred sons of Dhritarashtra grew up together in an atmosphere of merriment, but beneath the sur-

face the Kauravas nursed a growing hatred for the Pandavas.

Bhima, the second son of Pandu, excelled all the others in physical strength. He would bully his Kaurava cousins, and was wont to lift one of his cousins high above his head and run with his helpless and screaming victim around the garden. Nothing Bhima liked better than to dive into a pool with one or two of his cousins clasped in his arms, and stay under water until his struggling cousins were well nigh drowned.

The Kauravas had many bruises as a result of Bhima's practical jokes, and Duryodhana, the eldest of Kauravas, was extremely jealous of Bhima's strength, and in his warped thinking, he felt that if only Bhima was out of the way, the powers of the Pandavas would decline, then Yudhishtira could be prevented from becoming king. Eventually Duryodhana and his brothers planned to kill Bhima, imprison Yudhishtira and the younger brother Arjuna and seize the kingdom.

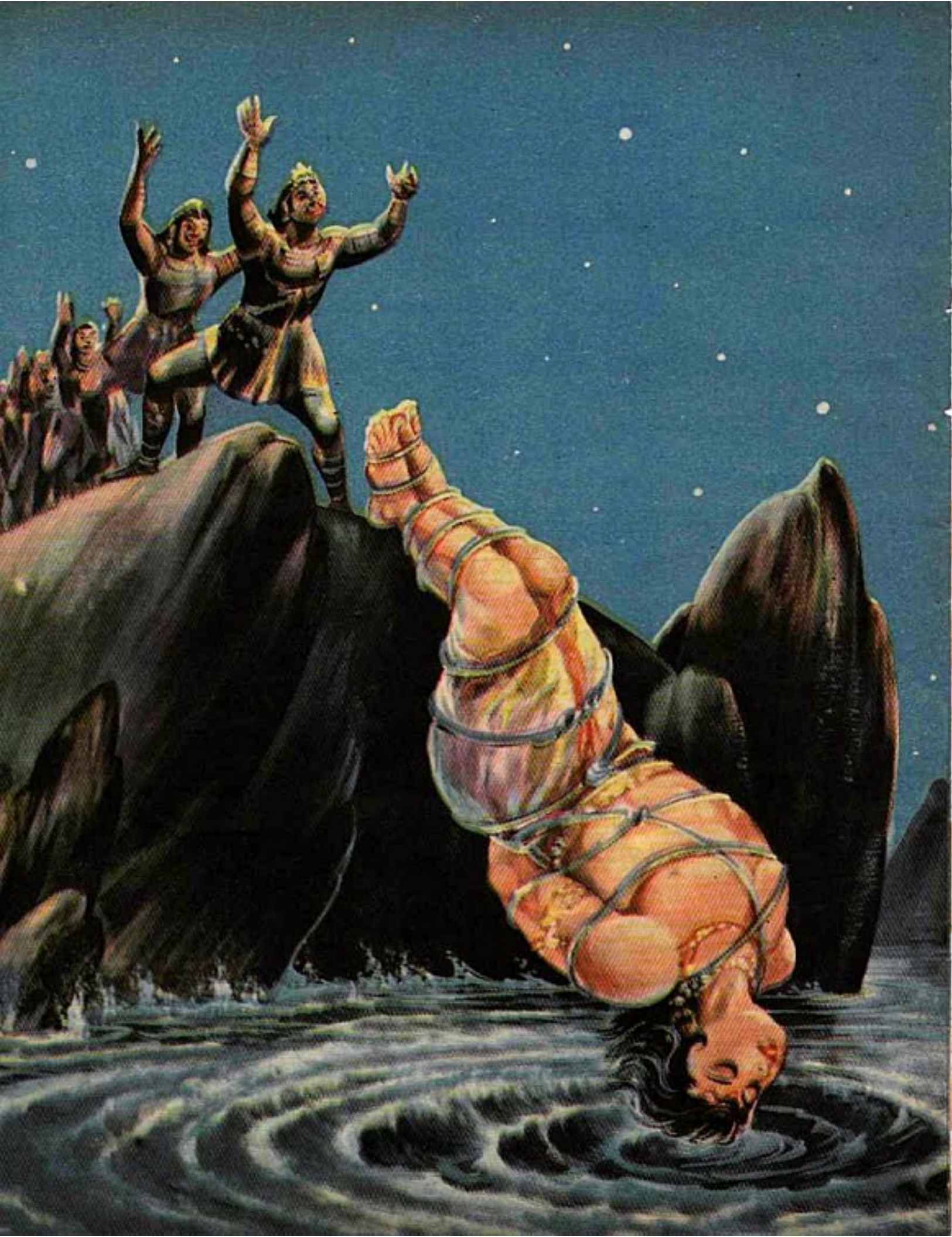
Duryodhana, his brothers and the Pandavas often went down to the river Ganga, where they

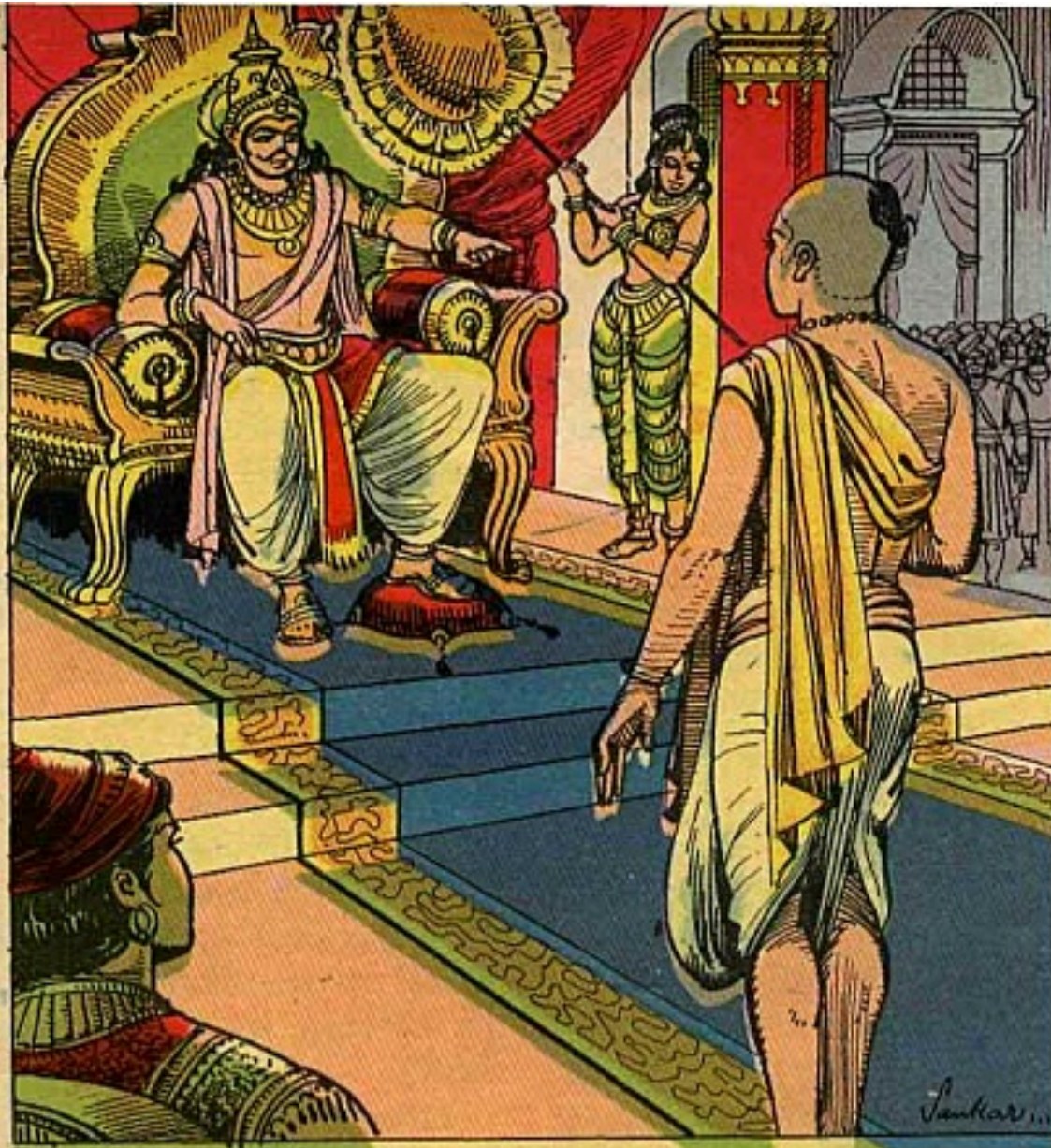
would swim and enjoy the sweetmeats and cool drinks the servants brought. The day came when beside the river, Duryodhana managed to slip poison into Bhima's food, and afterwards when Bhima lay on the river bank drowsing from the effects of the poison, the evil Duryodhana tied him up with wild creepers and threw him into the river.

Bhima sank like a stone, down and down into the depths of the river, until he came to the abode of the Nagas, the giant water snakes. The poisonous snakes bit him, but luckily their poison counteracted the poison in his body, and Bhima quickly broke his bonds, and kept the snakes at bay.

Just then Vasuki, a Prince of the Nagas, came on the scene, and recognizing Bhima as a great prince, took him to his home. Vasuki gave Bhima a magical potion to drink, which would give him the strength of a thousand elephants. After drinking it, Bhima fell into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile Yudhishtira was greatly concerned at the absence of his brother. He asked Duryodhana if he knew where





Drona sees King Drupada

Bhima was, and Duryodhana said he was sure that Bhima had gone home ahead of them.

On arriving back at Hastinapura, Yudhishtira asked his mother whether Bhima had returned, and on learning that Bhima was not at the palace, Yudhishtira immediately suspected foul play and, with his brothers, searched high and low along the banks of the Ganga.

In the land of the Nagas, Bhima slept for seven days and nights. When he awakened on the eighth day, Vasuki, the Naga Prince who was sitting beside his bed, smiled, "O Prince, you have fully recovered. In fact you possess the strength of a great herd of elephants, so now you should return to Hastinapura."

Bhima took leave of the

Nagas, and hastened home, where Kunti and his brothers welcomed him in great joy. When Bhima told them of his adventures, the Pandava princes realised they could no longer trust Duryodhana and the other Kauravas.

Kunti sent for Vidura, the king's chief counsellor, and told him in confidence: "Duryodhana is wicked and cruel. He has already tried to kill Bhima because he wants to rule the kingdom."

"What you say is true," replied Vidura, "But you have no cause to worry, for your sons are blessed with long life."

The Pandavas and the Kauravas learnt the use of arms first from Kripacharya, and later from his brother-in-law, Drona.

Story of Drona.

Drona was the son of a brahmana, and after completing his studies of the Vedas, devoted himself to archery and became a great master. A fellow student was Drupada, the son of the King of Panchala. They were such good friends that Drupada often said, "When I

am king, you shall have half of my kingdom."

Later, Drona married Kripacharya's sister, and a son, Aswatthama, was born to them. Drona was devoted to his wife and son, and for their sake, resolved to acquire sufficient wealth. Hearing that one, Parasurama had decided to distribute his riches among the brahmanas, he hurried to him. Alas, he was too late, as Parasurama had already given away his wealth and was about to retire to the forests. But Parasurama was anxious to help Drona, and as he was recognized as the master of weapons, he offered to teach Drona his skills.

Drona readily agreed, and great archer as he already was, he became the unrivalled master of the bow and other weapons.

Meanwhile, the King of Panchala died and Drupada had ascended the throne. So, remembering Drupada's lavish promises, Drona journeyed to Panchala, fully expecting to be treated generously. But he found that Drupada had changed, and now drunk with power, he received his former friend with scorn and derision.

Drona was turned out of the



Drona retrieves the princes' ball

palace as though he was a beggar, and vowed to punish this arrogant king, who so easily forgot the promises made during their earlier friendship.

Drona then decided to go to Hastinapura and enlist the help of his brother-in-law Kripacharya in his search to find some measure of wealth.

One day the Kaurava princes were playing with a ball, and in the course of the game the ball fell into a well, and they stood looking into its depths

wondering how to retrieve their ball.

Drona happened to be close by and seeing their predicament, spoke to them: "Princes, you are descendants of the great King Bharata, and should be so skilled in arms, that recovering your ball should be easy. Let me show you how."

Drona took his bow and fired an arrow straight into the ball. Then in quick succession, he shot arrow after arrow, and each arrow hit the arrows fired before until they formed a long

chain, by which he lifted out the ball.

The princes were amazed at his skill, and asked him who he was, and begged him to accompany them to the palace.

Drona smiled, "O Princes, ask your uncle Bhishma. He will tell you who I am."

When Bhishma heard the story, he knew the brahmana could be no other than the famous master Drona, the ideal person to teach the princes the use of arms. So Drona was received at the palace with special honour, and engaged to teach the princes his skill with weapons.

Of all his pupils, the Pandava Prince Arjuna, was by far the best, displaying natural skill with the bow. One night Drona discovered Arjuna practising in the dark and he was amazed at the prince's marksmanship.

"Bravo, my prince," cried Drona, "One day you will be the greatest warrior of all."

From that day onwards Arjuna became Drona's favourite pupil, and he taught the prince all the skills and cunning of war he knew.

As soon as the princes had mastered their weapons and the art of warfare, Drona, ever

remembering the insult he had suffered from Drupada, sent Arjuna with an army to take Panchala and capture Drupada.

Arjuna and his army conquered Panchala, and brought Drupada and his ministers, bound in chains before Drona.

Drona was jubilant, and greeting the dismayed Drupada said, "Have no fear Drupada. When we were young we were great friends and you often promised me half your kingdom. But when you became a king you insulted me and turned me out of your palace. Now, I have conquered your kingdom, so I am a king, but I still wish to be your friend, and I hereby grant you half your kingdom."

Drona thought he had acted nobly, but Drupada's pride had been humbled, and his hatred for Drona was deep and tormenting. He fasted and made sacrifices to the gods to grant him a son who would one day slay Drona. His wishes were answered, when a son was born. He was named Dhrishtadyumna, who eventually became a great warrior. Drupada also had a daughter, Draupadi, who was destined to become the consort of the Pandava princes.



THE LAME MONKEY

A poor woman lived in a village, and though she was hard working herself, her son, who had been badly spoilt as a child, was utterly and absolutely lazy.

The mother lectured him time and time again on his idleness, but it was of no avail, he just didn't have the slightest inclination to do any work.

One day a travelling musician, with a trained monkey came to the village. Everyone enjoyed seeing the monkey dance, and performing a number of comic capers. At the end of the show, the monkey went round the onlookers, collecting coins in his gaily coloured hat. But, when he came to our lazy son, instead of getting a coin, he received a nasty kick on the leg, which caused the poor mon-

key to scream with pain.

The owner of the monkey, lost his temper and catching the youth by the collar, shouted, "You lout! You have injured my monkey for life and it will never be able to perform tricks again. So you can pay three rupees, and you can have the monkey."

The mother had no option but to pay the three rupees, but it turned out to be a rather good investment. Because the monkey although lame, took a delight in helping the woman with the household chores. It very soon learned to sweep the floor; could pound the rice and do any other odd job. The woman soon grew fond of the monkey and named it Prem and lost no time in pointing out to her son that a small monkey



was much more useful than him.

The son took these remarks as an insult to his manhood and he at last started to make some sort of effort in the way of odd jobs in the house and garden.

Seeing that Prem the lame monkey was setting a good example to her son, the mother

decided to stir up more interest, so calling her son and Prem together, she said, "This morning, I want you both to go into the forest and collect firewood. Whoever brings home the biggest bundle will get an extra special dinner."

The son and Prem duly set off into the forest, and whilst

the monkey was up a tree breaking off dead branches, it noticed a man close by. This man was acting peculiarly; looking over his shoulder all the time and when he thought he was not being observed, he quickly buried something at the foot of a tree, then scurried off.

Prem soon dug up the hidden treasure, and it was a small bag containing money. So the monkey forgot all about firewood, and scampered home with its find.

The mother was delighted, and carefully hid the money, with the exception of just two rupees.

When the son returned home with his bundle of wood, he asked his mother, "Did Prem gather a bigger bundle than this?"

"Prem did better," replied

the mother, showing the two rupees. "Not only did our monkey collect a large bundle of wood, but sold it for these two rupees."

The son was surprised and his conscience rudely shaken: "Look mother, our monkey always does better than myself. But in future I will do all the work and I promise to do it well."

Rumours soon got around the village, that the lame monkey was making a lot of money for the woman by collecting and selling wood. Many of the villagers purchased or caught monkeys of their own, but when they took the monkeys into the forest, they just sat up in the trees, chattering.

Which just shows you that monkeys really don't like to work.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the November issue



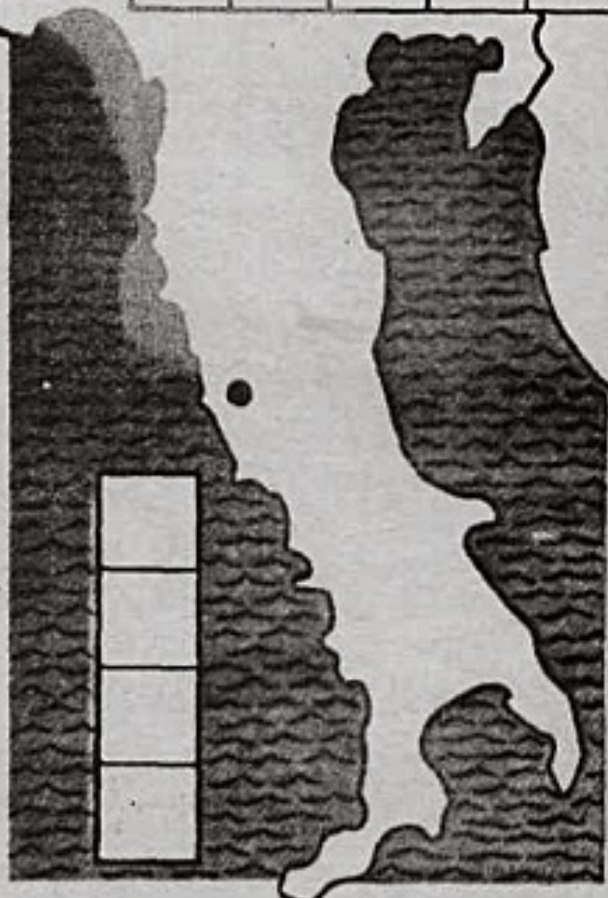
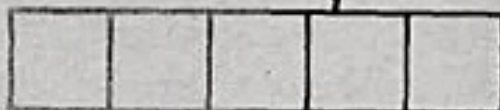
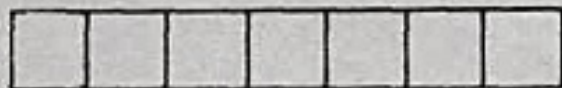
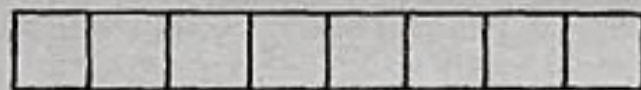
- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words, but the two captions should be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.
- ★ Entries must be received before 30th September, otherwise they cannot be considered.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard and be addressed to:
Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in July issue

The prize is awarded to, N. B. V. Ramana Rao,
Tanuku (P. O.)

West Godavary Dt., A. P.

Winning entry was (a) Living for begging (b) Begging for living



1. Can you name this ancient city and the volcano that erupted and destroyed it?
2. This country is shaped rather like a boot. Can you name it and its capital city?
3. Try and name the arena where gladiators used to fight. What weapon is this man carrying?

3. Trident, Colosseum.
2. Italy, Rome.
1. Vesuvius, Pompeii

ANSWERS





REEVES

Reeves' Painter Pot, the Flying-Horseman was asked to rescue the Rainbow and bring it home. The Rainbow was a prisoner in the country of clouds, guarded by huge cloud-monsters with lightning swords and lances. Anyone who entered the country of clouds was sure to be struck down by lightning.

Reeves' Painter Pot flew in the sky till he reached the country of clouds.

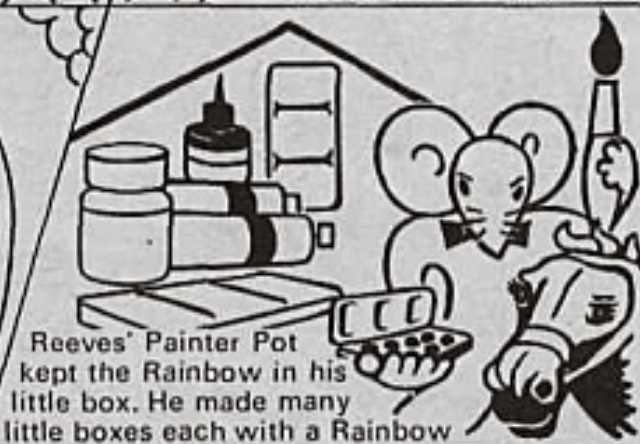
The king of the clouds, a huge monster with black teeth laughed like thunder at Reeves' Painter Pot.



Reeves' Painter Pot was not scared. He remembered the Sun, his friend. Suddenly the Sun appeared.



The clouds lost their power... as they ran the Rainbow was only too happy to run away with Reeves' Painter Pot.



Reeves' Painter Pot kept the Rainbow in his little box. He made many little boxes each with a Rainbow inside them.

You too can paint wonderful things with your Reeves' Water Colours, Poster Colours, Inks, Markers and all the colourful variety of Reeves' Artists' Materials. Little artists grow into big artists with Reeves' painting materials. Get your own Reeves' colours now!

Down With Dark Clouds! Long Live All Reeves Painters!!

Painter Pot will be your slave if you buy Reeves magic paints for fun and games.

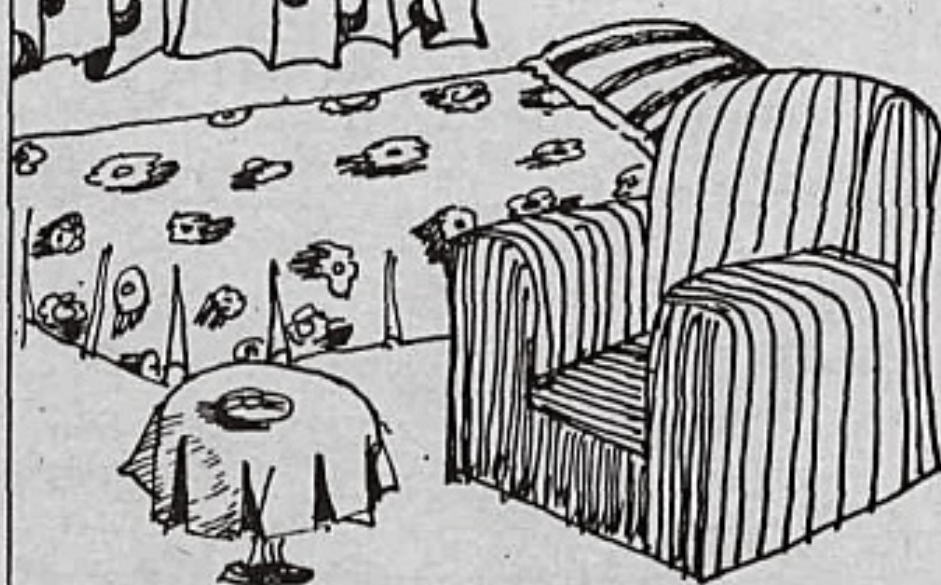




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Anand nearly lost his Scholarship!

ON EXAMS. DAY...

Anand, write your answers properly, Remember, you must retain your scholarship.



AT THE EXAMS. HALL...

oh, such an easy paper



AN HOUR LATER.....

Don't know how my pen is clogged



How can I finish in time?



Don't worry Anand Take this Camlin pen and Camel Ink and start



Ah, this ink writes fine, looks very bright too. I will finish in time



Anand finishes in time.....



ON THE DAY RESULTS ARE OUT..

HURRAY

CONGRATS

HURRAY



Remember, Camel Ink and Camlin pen write smoothly Always Insist on Camel



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